

From Edinburgh Essays.

SCOTTISH BALLADS.*

A GREEK girl traced the shadow of her lover's face on a sunny wall. That, says the legend, was the birth of painting. The death of one of the lions of the early world may have given birth to the twin arts of poetry and music. The barbarian returning to his village laden with the spoils of the chase, or driving before him a crowd of captives, must have a poet to rehearse his triumphs, to celebrate the strength of his arm and the terrors of his unconquerable spear. To some such rude source we may trace back the sacred streams of poetry and music which have flowed down to us out of unknown time. From his power of conferring a new distinction on warlike achievements, the bard or singer has ever been held in respect. His songs are a kind of rude fame. He is the depository of the traditions of his tribe. His memory is the archives of his people, and therein are preserved their rolls of glory. We find the singer in every ancient nation, by the rainy shores of the Baltic, in the vast Germanic forests; and everywhere he is regarded as one possessing surpassing knowledge, who has mysterious kindred with the elements, and who in solitary places hears the messages of the gods. He passes from land to land, walks into the heart of hostile camps, and sits down at the very carousals of his foes. He finds a welcome in the den of the robber, and in the rush-strewed hall of the prince. When at rich and solemn feast the monarch is seated on the dais surrounded by his earls, there is also the minstrel and his harp. What were a banquet without song and the recital of the deeds of heroes? The wild boar's flesh is tasteless, the mead in ditch-water, it cannot fire the blood, nor tingle to the brain. In course of time chivalry brought the Troubadour, a more courtly and splendid personage than his predecessor, who knew another god than Odin, believed in quite a different Vallhalla, and relished softer pleasures than drinking ale out of the skulls of departed warriors. Some of these men were

soldiers as well as minstrels, and were cunning with the sword as with the harp-string. On the morning of Hastings, Taillefer asked and obtained permission from William to lead the onset. He sang in a loud voice the "Song of Roland" in the front of the Norman army, then striking spurs into his horse, he rode forward still singing, and dashed his life out in an ecstasy on the Saxon spears. After the Conquest, the English kings were great patrons of poets and minstrels, and some of them were no mean brethren of the craft, and could touch the harp themselves. Richard I. was an accomplished musician, and composed verses. The story how one of the king's minstrels, Blondell by name, rescued his master from captivity, is familiar to most readers. It was known in England that Richard had returned from Palestine, but no one could tell in what country he was detained. Blondell travelled through many lands in search of the king, till his wanderings led him one day to a strong castle. On inquiry he learned that the fortress belonged to the Duke of Austria, and that it contained a single prisoner; but no one could tell him his name. The minstrel took up his place beneath one of the grated windows, and began to sing a song in French, which he and the king had at one time composed together. Richard started when the familiar tones fell upon his ear, and recognized Blondell's voice. He immediately took up the strain, and sang the remaining half. By that token Blondell knew it was the king, and returning to England discovered to the barons where their master was imprisoned. In the reign of Richard II. a court of minstrels was established, which obtained a charter, had power to enact laws, and every year elected a king to preside over them. By the time of Elizabeth the craft had fallen into disrepute, the minstrel was profanely classed with "rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars," and seems to have been better acquainted with the staff of the constable, than with the tables of the rich or the favor of princes. Although more emphatically the home of minstrelsy than England, we have but little

* This article is by the poet Alexander Smith.

information relative to the worldly prosperity of the minstrels in Scotland. Celtic bards, we know, frequently left their mountains and wandered through the Lowlands singing their wild songs, and the inhabitants of the Borders were passionately fond of listening to strains in which the struggles of clans and the forays into England were celebrated. Some provision appears to have been made for poets or musicians among the Celtic tribes; a piper seems to have been as indispensable to a highland chieftain as a claymore or eagle's feather; and a portion of the land of the tribe, called the "piper's croft," was set apart for the support of that important individual. In the Lowlands the poets seem to have found few royal favors. Dunbar and Sir David Lindsay resided at court, and although the first was sometimes attached to the train of a noble when he visited France on an embassy of state, and the second was honored by bearing a young prince on his back, he meanwhile romping about on all-fours, they do not seem to have lived in the most flourishing condition. A considerable portion of their poetry is of the begging-letter species. If wit and eloquence had had power to charm coin from the pocket of the king, theirs had been better supplied. It is to be hoped that the poets were the most troublesome duns of the Jameses, else the unfortunate monarchs must have frequently been at the ends of their royal wits. It is hardly to be expected, however, that a line of kings, of lineage unexceptionable and most irreproachable blood, some of whom were occasionally hard-pushed in the matter of silk stockings, could afford to be generous to singing men and singing women, to poets, jesters, and buffoons.

But it was not from court poets that the ballads sprang. They grew up over the country like wild flowers. Their authors were most probably part minstrels, part gaberlunzies, who wandered about the kingdom, dwelling often "under the canopy with the choughs and crows," haunting fairs, markets, and all assemblies of people, and, when fortunate enough to procure a supper and a couch of straw, paying their slaving with a song, and then forward on the morrow; and often, doubtless, we should find the minstrel equipped in the steel jacket of the moss-trooper, urging a drove of floundering and terrified cattle before him

from Cumberland on a moonless night, with many a prick of lance and a great superfluity of curses. Many of the border ballads are so real and life-like, so full of character and humor, that we feel the singer had himself wielded a sword in the combat, or ridden into England to lift a prey. The form of this kind of poetry is of course necessitated by the circumstances of the minstrel and his audience. They were meant to be sung on public occasions to the harp or some other musical instrument, and in order to produce effect and sustain interest, some exploit must be the theme which flashed out far above common raid and the skirmish of rival clans—some surpassing tragedy which steeped a whole country-side in tears. The story claimed, too, to be told in the most direct and natural manner, and the lighter poetic graces—ornaments and efflorescences, precious and delightful enough in a calmer hour—were scared away by the fury of the minstrel's hand and voice. These compositions—and some of them are very ancient—were not, till a comparatively recent period, preserved by printing; living, therefore, on the lips and in the memories of several generations, and sung extensively over a country where, even at the present day, every twenty or thirty miles you come upon a dialect locally peculiar, it is not surprising that in process of time they underwent considerable modifications; that we frequently find half-a-dozen versions of the same story, and several stanzas of one ballad imbedded in the very heart of another. When a minstrel met a brother of the craft, they would in all probability exhibit their stock in trade, and both thereby acquire fresh materials. The meeting over, and reciting his novelties in distant parts of the country, if memory failed, the singer who could not afford to pause in his strain would hardly hesitate to thrust into the hiatus any set of stanzas which, without outrage to the proprieties of the story, carried along with it the feelings of his audience. In these compositions there are great similarities of incident and feeling. One thing at least never fails the reader; when two lovers die they are of course buried together, and out of the grave of one these springs a rose, and out of the grave of the other a briar; which, rapidly growing, contrive, as a sort of poetical justice and compensation for their cruel fate,

to interlace and marry their branches above the spire of the church—a spectacle which, however it might astonish people now-a-days, seems to have had the most touching associations for the grim moss-trooper and the lawless reiver of the marches. None of these ballads can be looked upon as the work of a single author. Their present form is the work of generations. For centuries the floating legendary material was reshaped, added to, and altered, by the changing spirit and emotion of man. Rude and formless, they are touching and venerable as some ruin on the waste, the names of whose builders are unknown; whose towers and walls, although not erected in accordance with the lights of modern architecture, affect the spirit, and fire the imagination, far more than nobler and more recent piles; for its chambers, now roofless to the day, were ages ago tenanted by life and death, joy and sorrow; for its walls have been worn and rounded by time, its stones channeled and fretted by the fierce tears of winter rain; on broken arch and battlement every April for centuries has kindled a light of desert flowers, and it stands muffled in ivy, bearded with moss, and stained with lichens, crimson, golden, and green, by the suns of forgotten summers. We are told to imitate this, but who can recall the strong arms and rude hearts that piled huge stone on stone? Who can simulate the hallowing of time? Who can create us a ruin *to-day* with the weather-wear and lichens of five centuries upon it?

The Scottish Ballads may be divided into two classes. 1. Those poems founded on historical events, private tragedies, and the fairy mythology. 2. Those which more specially pertain to the Borders, and relate the sturt and strife, the wild revenges, the exploits, the skirmishes, and cattle-lifting expeditions of the marchmen. The first contain much of the finest poetry, and the deepest pathos. Those of the second attend closely to the business in hand, are rude and bustling, and are frequently enlivened by flashes of savage humor. In every stanza you seem to hear the clatter of hoofs, and the rattle of steel jackets. Both are valuable, as throwing light on a condition of man which can never recur in these islands; as exhibiting, in a mighty mirror, pictures of a strong, passionate, turbulent time. Nowhere is the reader

more impressed, not even on the page of Shakspeare himself, with the reality of the scenes and the men and women. Yet, with all this naturalness, it is difficult for the reader of to-day, with his complex environments and difference of training, to imagine himself so actuated, so subdued by fears, so stormed along by passion. In reading these compositions, we see what we have gained and lost in the course of a few centuries, what new elements have entered into human life, what more of lawfulness or frivolity, of truth or falsehood; we discover the old sea-margins of right and wrong, and compare with them the point the tide reaches to-day. All that far-off, lawless, and generous life is unroofed to us in these Ballads; we wander amongst the relics of a past society as we would amongst the ruins of Pompeii. We see the domestic economy of the houses of our ancestors; every thing is left there for our inspection. We can take up a household implement and examine its material and shape. The first thing which strikes the reader of the Ballads is their direct and impulsive life. There is nothing cloaked or concealed. You look through the iron corslet of the marauder, and see the fierce heart heave beneath. None of the heroes ever seems to feel that hesitancy and palsy of action which arises from the clash of complex and opposing motives. At once the mailed hand executes the impulse of the hot heart. There seem to have been no dissimulators in those days. If a man is a scoundrel, he speaks and acts as if he were perfectly aware of the fact, and aware, too, that the whole world knew it as well as himself. If a man is wronged by another, he runs him through the body with his sword, or cleaves him to the chin with his pole-axe, and then flees, pursued day and night, awake and asleep, in town or wilderness, by a bloody ghost. If two lovers meet in the greenwood, they forget church and holy priest, and in course of time the heron is startled from his solitary haunt, and shame and despair are at rest beneath the long weeds of the pool, and a ghost with dripping hair glides into the chamber, and with hand of ice awakes the horrified betrayer from his first sleep on his bridal night. And these men had their rude reverences and devotions, terrors of the solitary mountain-top and the moonless waste, wandering fires of the morass, spirits

of the swollen stream : Edom o' Gordon, who burned a mother and her children in their own tower with laughter and mockery as if agony were a jest, would ere night mutter an Ave to Mary Mother, and cross herself as devoutly as ever a saint in the calendar ; and the moss-trooper, who could impale an infant on his spear-point, would shiver at an omen which a schoolboy laughs at. These people were not afflicted with the maladies of hair-splitting and nice distinctions. A character like Hamlet's, where doubt balances resolve, and thought action, was impossible in these straight-forward days ; perhaps quite as well for Hamlet. Before he could have made up his mind how to act under the circumstances, the sweep of a sword-blade would have solved that, and every other problem, for him forever. Public opinion had not come into their world to make men walk gingerly as if upon knives, to add hypocrisy to vice, to rub the fine bloom off goodness, and to make a *faux pas* worse than a crime. The wild eyes of passion, on whatever message she is bent, whether to kill or save, are seldom turned in the direction of the Decalogue. The full heart is its own law, its fluctuations its only creed, and, describing these men and women, singing their tragedies, the ballad-monger frequently, in utter innocence and unconsciousness, and in words simple as the babble of childhood, goes to the inmost core of the matter like the inevitable arrow of a William Tell, and the tears are on our cheeks before we are aware. This is an art which the world has lost, and which cannot be recovered until centuries are cancelled, and knights are again pricking through the greenwood, ladies sitting among the roses of their bower-windows, and minstrels wandering through the country, harp in hand. Society is migratory, settling age after age in different districts, with changing abodes and occupations ; and, wherever she dwells, whether in the hut of the trapper or in the glittering capitals of civilization, Poetry must attend, and take delight in representing the life which lies around the log house or the palace.

The literary merit of many of these Ballads is great ; in the majority, the singer is in utter abeyance, and the subject is all in all. There is no straining and effort ; no artifices are employed to fillip the dulled spirit of the reader ; no impertinent ornaments distract the attention from the agony

or the woe. Their authors were not literary men, and there was no existing literature by which their efforts were measured. Originality was not expected of them, and they were consequently never tempted to call grass *purple*, to avoid the imputation of plagiarism, some former writer having called it *green*. There were no critics to show up their failings and shortcomings, or to parade their good things—perhaps a line and a half in length—in italics, as the manner of some is. It may fairly be doubted whether the present time is favorable to the production of poetry of a high class ; not, as is commonly supposed, that there is any thing necessarily unpoetical in the artificial state of society, in the eternal struggle and roar of labor, in the shifting of the points of interest from green fields and meadows, and the sweet goings-on of pastoral life, to the joys, crimes, and tragedies of men congregated in thousands beneath the smoke of mighty towns, but mainly from the greatness of existing literature, the prevalence of criticism, and its immediate application to literary productions. In 1824 we find Goethe expressing himself in the following terms to Eckermann : “ And how could one get courage only to put pen to paper, if one were conscious, in an earnest appreciating spirit, that such unfathomable and unattainable excellencies (as Shakspeare's writings) were already in existence ! . . . It fared better with me fifty years ago in my own dear Germany. I could soon come to an end with all that then existed ; it could not long awe me or occupy my attention. I soon left behind me German literature and the study of it, and turned my thoughts to life and to production. So on and on I went in my own natural development, and on and on I fashioned the productions of epoch after epoch. And at every step of life and development my standard of excellence was not much higher than what at such step I was able to attain. But had I been born an Englishman, and had all those numerous masterpieces been brought before me, in all their power, at my first dawn of youthful consciousness, they would have overpowered me, and I should not have known what to do. I could not have gone on with such fresh light-heartedness, but should have had to bethink myself, and look about for a long time to find some new outlet.” It is this

seeking a "new outlet for one's self," which is the cause of nearly all the vices of contemporary literature—of poetry especially. On it may be charged the strain and glitter, the forced and perverse originality, and the extraordinary innovations in rhythm and measure of which so much is heard, both in the way of applause and condemnation. The primal emotions of humanity have been so fully sung in England, during the last two hundred years, that a poet of the present period, unless he is swept away by the torrent of feeling, or is bold enough—which he is perfectly justified in being—to look upon every situation of life, whether expressed before or not, as merely poetic material, and to use it for his own purposes, color it by his own mind, shape it by his own emotion,—is tempted, when he remembers in a former writer some consummate expression of an idea, indispensable to the sequence and stream of emotion, to diverge from the direct path, and to attest his originality by becoming unintelligible or unnatural. It is required of every builder that he should erect a house new and well-proportioned; it is *not* required that he should, with his own hands, have baked every brick employed in the edifice. The existing system of criticism, and the greatness and fulness of literature, are in many respects injurious to poetical writers. An author's first book is generally written *con amore* and for himself; critic and reader are forgotten in the heat and delight of the task; but after he has run the gauntlet of dailies, weeklies, monthlies, and quarterlies, he becomes more conscious and less single-hearted. He writes with one eye to his subject, and the other to what the reviewers will say of him. He is more careful of the expression than of the thought. He desires to dazzle and astonish. He is no longer an inspired singer uttering words of fire; he is a lapidary coldly polishing a gem. The condition of the modern author resembles that of the flying-fish; if it seeks the air to escape its water foes, pounce come the gulls upon it. If he writes quietly, he is common-place; if strikingly, he is a sky-rocket, with a noisy rush to heaven, a brilliant burst and shower of falling splendors, and then utter darkness and oblivion. He must either be crazy or dull. Under which king, Bezonian, speak or die! Most men prefer the former. The ballad-

writers living under different circumstances were of course untouched by these peculiar temptations, nor had they to face the spectres and questions which centuries of life and speculation have since started. They had simpler hearts and lived in simpler times. They sang to rude and uncultured men; their task was to touch their spirits and evoke their sympathies, and, from their peculiar environments and training, they exhibit an artlessness and simplicity which becomes at times the very perfection of style, and which—whatever other merits modern singers may possess—cannot be expected to appear in any thing like the same degree in an artificial and fastidious age. In pathos they are supreme. Nothing can be placed beside them. It is so direct and simple, and goes so to the heart. There is an element of helplessness in it which is overpowering. It is piteous as the complaint of a little child.

Sir Philip Sidney said long ago that the ballad of Chevy-Chase, although "sung but by some blinde crowder," stirred his blood "more than a trumpet." The publication of Bishop Percy's "Reliques," at the close of the last century, was the salvation of English poetry. The world was weary of the museums of Darwin and Hayley, with their wax figures arrayed in dresses stiff with embroidery and gold;—pretty enough to look on as curiosities in their gorgeous apparel, but with never a flash in their glassy eyes, never a throb beneath their costly clothes. In the "Reliques" had returned tenderness, and nature, and passion. The voices of men and women were again heard in gladness and grief, the globed dew was lying thick on the purple moors, the wind was blowing strong and fresh, curling the faces of the streams, and bringing odors from the forests. The rivers of poetry had been frozen up, but the spring had come and loosened their icy chains, and they flowed forth again exulting and abounding.

Coleridge has praised the "grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spens." Being familiar to most readers, it need not now be quoted at length. Passing, however, such graphic touches of description as—

"I saw the new moon late yestreen,
Wi' the auld moon in her arm;"

or—

"He hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league, but barely three;

When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew
loud,
And gurly grew the sea,"
attention may be drawn to its magnificent
close—

"O lang, lang may the ladies sit
Wi' their fans into their hand;
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens,
Come sailing to the strand.

"And lang, lang may the maidens sit
Wi' their gowd kames in their hair;
A waiting for their ain dear loves,
For them they'll see na mair.

"O forty miles off Aberdour,
'Tis fifty fathom deep:
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet."

Whoever he was, the nameless and forgotten
author of this old song was a poet, and a
great one too.

The ballad of Fair Helen is well known,
and the story is simple. Helen, a lady of
great beauty, had two lovers, one of whom
was preferred, but their passion being dis-
pleasing to her family, they were obliged to
meet in secret. During one of these inter-
views the discarded suitor appeared on the
opposite bank of the stream, and in a fit of
jealous rage, levelled his carbine at his
rival. Helen sprang before her lover to
shield him and received the bullet. The fol-
lowing song is supposed to be sung by the be-
reaved man over her grave:

"I wish I were where Helen lies,
Night and day on me she cries;
O that I were where Helen lies,
On fair Kirkconnell Lee!

"Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
And curst the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms burd Helen dropt,
And died to suocor me!

"O think na ye my heart was sair
When my love dropt down and spak nae mair!
Then did she swoon wi' meikle care
On fair Kirkconnell Lee.

"As I went down the water-side,
None but my foe to be my guide,
None but my foe to be my guide
On fair Kirkconnell Lee:

"I lighted down my sword to draw,
I hacked him in pieces sma',
I hacked him in pieces sma',
For her sake that died for me.

"I wish my grave were growing green,
A winding-sheet drawn ower my een,
And I in Helen's arms lying
On fair Kirkconnell Lee."

The reader will note the curiously inter-
mingled ferocity and pathos of these verses;

the lament with which they open; the grim
satisfaction with which he recounts his pro-
gress down the river, his foe being his
"guide," repeated as if *that* gave an addi-
tional zest and flavor to his revenge; the ter-
rible re-duplication,

"I hacked him in pieces sma',
I hacked him in pieces sma';"

in which he lingers over, and is loath to
leave, the savage sweetness of the memory,
killing him again and again in imagination.
That done, he is weak as tears,—how deso-
late and hopeless is the music.

"I wish my grave were growing green,
A winding-sheet drawn ower my een."

His vengeance is sated. The fiery thirst
which kept him alive, and all too eager for
sleep, is abundantly slaked. There is noth-
ing now to live for on earth. Blind him,
therefore, with a winding-sheet, shut out the
world from him with its peaceful folds, and
lay him side by side with Helen in the grave.

A dreadful scene is described in the ballad
entitled, "Edom o' Gordon." This maraud-
er clatters up to the house of Rodes with a
band of ruffians at his heels, and in the
absence of the lord, demands that the lady
should deliver up to him the keys of the
castle. She refuses, and the freebooter
orders the house to be burned. The poor
mother is standing at one of the windows
with her children, girt with climbing and
quivering fires, and rolled in volumes of
choking smoke, and reproaches one of her
servants whom she discovers busy among the
yelling fiends outside.

"Wae worth, wae worth ye, Jock my man,
I paid ye weel your fee;
Why pu' ye out the ground-wa stane
Lets in the reek to me?

"And ein wae worth ye, Jock my man,
I paid ye weel your hire;
Why pu' ye out the ground-wa stane
To me lets in the fire?

"Ye paid me weel, my hire lady,
Ye paid me weel my fee,
But now I'm Edom o' Gordon's man
Maun either do or dee.

"O then bespauk her little son,
Sate on the nurse's knee:
Says, 'Mither dear, gi' ower this house
For the reek it smithers me.'

"I wad gie a' my gowd, my child,
Sae wad I a' my fee,
For ane blast o' the western wind
To blaw the reek from thee."

"O, then bespauk her dochter dear,
She was baith jump and sma',
'O, row me in a pair o' sheets
And tow me ower the wa'."

"They rowed her in a pair o' sheets,
They tow'd her ower the wa';
But on the point o' Gordon's spear
She got a deadly fa'."

"O bonnie bonnie was her mouth,
And cherry were her cheeks;
And clear clear was her yellow hair,
From which the red bluid dreeps."

"Then wi' his spear he turned her ower,
O gin her face was wan!
He said, 'Ye are the first that eir
I wished alive again.'"

"He turned her ower and ower again,
O gin her skin was white!
'I might hae spared that bonnie face
To hae been some man's delight."

"Busk and boun my merry man a',
For ill dooms I do guess;
I canna luik on that bonnie face
As it lies on the grass.'"

The writer of "Edom o' Gordon" had no theories of art. He uttered only what he saw and felt; but what words could add to that picture of the burning tower, the unutterable sigh of the mother for "ane blast o' the western wind," and the mute reproach of the face on the grass, more terrible to the marauder than the gleam of hostile spears.

There is an expression of misery in these Ballads which appears frequently in Scottish song, and is in some degree peculiar to the compositions of the nation. It is a ghost which rises out of the ashes of passion; the despair of that love,—caused by stroke of death or heartlessness of man,—which knew neither pride of birth, nor riches, nor shame, nor death, which was conscious only of itself, blind to every thing save its own rapture and its own joy; a mental state, not grief, not pain, but rather a dull stupor of misery, which would welcome sharp pain itself as a relief from its own bewilderment, which turns passionately to death, and hugs oblivion like a lover. The heart has crowded all on one throw of the dice: that lost, the forgetfulness of the grave, and a quiet coverlet of waving grass, is all that even Hope desires.

In 1529, James V. made an expedition to the borders, and executed many of the freebooters. One of those who suffered was Cockburn, of Henderland. He was hanged by command of the king over the gateway of his own tower. The following verses seem to have been composed by his wife:

"He slew my knight to me sae dear,
He slew my knight and poin'd his gear:
My servants all for life did flee,
And left me in extremitie."

"I sewed his sheet, making my mane:
I watched the corpse myself alane;
I watched his body night and day,
No living creature came that way."

"I took his body on my back,
And whiles I gaed and whiles I sat;
I digg'd a grave and laid him in,
And happed * him with the sod so green."

"But think na ye my heart was sair,
When I laid the moul' on his yellow hair;
O think na ye my heart was wae,
When I turned about away to gae."

Does the reader remember any thing half so touching as that woman's lonely vigil by the dead, in a solitude where no creature came, or her progress to some secret place, carrying the body of her lord, sitting down weary with the burden, and then up and struggling on again? There is in the verses no tumult, no complaint, no wild wringing of sorrowful hands, no frenzied appeal to the pitiless heaven that saw the deed and made no sign. A broken heart indulges in neither trope nor metaphor; the language is simple as a child's, the circumstances are related without any passion or excitement. All lesser feelings are lost and swallowed up in utter desolation and woe.

There is an old song, published by Dr. Percy in his *Reliques*, which illustrates the hopeless pathos to which allusion has been made. The circumstances of the tragedy are unknown. All that has come down to us is the following strain of mournful music:

"O waly waly up the bank,
And waly waly down the brae,
And waly waly yon burn-side,
Where I and my love wer went to gae.
I leant my back unto an aik,
I thought it was a trusty tree,
But first it bowed and syne it brak,
Sae my true love did lechtly me."

* Can the English reader catch the strange tenderness and pathos of the word *happed*? It is one of the dearest to a Scottish ear, recalling infancy and the thousand instances of the love of a mother's heart, and the unwearied care of a mother's hand. The red-breast *happed* the dead bodies of the Babes in the Wood with leaves. *Happed* is the nursery word in Scotland, expressing the care with which the bed-clothes are laid upon the little forms, and carefully tucked in about the round sleeping cheeks. What an expression it gives in the verses quoted above to the burden and agony of fondness, all wasted and lavished on unheeding clay!

- "O waly waly gin love be bonny
A little time while it is new;
But when it's auld it waxeth cauld,
And fades away like morning dew.
O wherefore should I busk my head?
Or wherefore should I kame my hair?
For my true love has me forsook,
And says he'll never lo'e me mair.
- "Now Arthur-Seat shall be my bed,
The sheets shall ne'er be fyled by me;
Saint Anton's well sall be my drink,
Since my true love has forsaken me.
Marti'mas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
And shake the green leaves aff the tree?
O gentle death! when wilt thou cum,
For of my life I am wearie.
- "Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
Nor blawing snaw's inclemencie:
'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,
But my love's heart grown cauld to me.
Whan we came in by Glasgowe town,
We were a comely sight to see,
My love was cled in black velvet,
And I mysell in cramasie.
- "But had I wist before I kist,
That love had been sae ill to win,
I had lockt my heart in a case o' gowd
And pinned it with a siller pin.
And O! if my young babe were born,
And set upon the nurse's knee,
And I mysell were dead and gane,
For a maid again Ise never be."

Burns in one of his letters quotes the following stanzas from an old ballad he had picked up among the country people. It breathes the same hopeless misery as those already quoted, and pines like them for the rest of the grave:

- "O that my father had ne'er on me smiled!
O that my mother had ne'er to me sung!
O that my cradle had never been rocked!
But that I had died when I was young.
- "O that the grave it were my bed!
My blankets were my winding-sheet!
The clocks and the worms my bed-fellows a',
And, O, sae sound as I should sleep."

"What a sigh was there!" Burns adds; "I do not remember, in all my reading, to have met with any thing more truly the language of misery than the exclamation in the last line. Misery is like love; to speak its language truly the author must have felt it."

The ballads relating to sprites, fairies, and other supernatural creatures, are not many in number, but are mostly of great poetic beauty. From these compositions we gain considerable information regarding the spiritual agents in which the mounted robber of the marches believed, and at the mention of whose name, or at his approach to the dis-

trict in which they were supposed to reside, he piously crossed himself, and murmured a prayer to Mary Mother. Perhaps, owing to the desolate aspect of the scenery, and the sterner character of the people, the superstitions of Scotland are of a more terrific nature than those of the sister kingdom. The Scotch have no Puck or Robin Goodfellow. The taciturn Brownie who sets the house to rights, who threshes as much corn in a single night as six husbandmen could accomplish in a summer's day, and forsakes the family when he is insulted by any offer of gift or reward, is the most kindly disposed to human beings. The greater proportion, however, of the creatures of popular superstition are of an uncanny and vindictive disposition. There is the restless Will o' the Wisp, who betrays the traveller into the treacherous bog and deep morass; the Water Kelpie, who haunts at midnight the fords of swollen streams, and raises shrieks of eldritch laughter, when horse and man are swept away by the current. And there are the Fairies, whose mossy rings are still to be seen on the hill-side, and when the peasant is overtaken on the lonely moor by these phantom riders in chase of a phantom stag, although he sees nothing, a sound of horns and dogs sweeps past him on the wind; and on Hallow-mass eve, when they ride forth in courtly and measured procession, dim shapes are visible in the moonbeams, and he hears the trampling of innumerable tiny hoofs, and the music of their bridle-bells. The Fairies are a kidnapping people, and have acquired great dexterity in their art. They carry off young children, and leave a peevish and misshapen elf in its place; and persons of maturer age, if they happen to sleep within the rings after sunset, are pretty certain to awake in Fairyland. Many a child who wandered out to gather berries in the wood, and who was sought in the evening with tears and a broken heart, and so the next day and the next, is now a happy page to the Fairy queen. Many a man who never returned from his distant journey, and for whose soul mass has been sung and prayers offered, and whose wife, who thought she never could have forgotten him, sleeps in the bosom of another husband, is at this moment stretched in one of the sweet-smelling valleys, and basking in the everlasting sunshine of that Land of Dream, wondering,

perhaps, what his old companions are about on the earth, and if they ever think of him now. Seek not to return, O lost one! However unpleasant to believe, the world wags just as comfortably as when you were one of its denizens. The chair you sat upon is filled. The heart that loved you once has changed its allegiance, and loves another quite as fondly and devotedly. The guests have sat down, every seat is occupied; there is no room for you at the feast. When one of these lost ones wishes to return to earth he informs some friend by dream that he has been carried away by the "good people," and points out the method in which his release can be accomplished. The friend thus commissioned takes his station on Hallow-mass eve on the highway along which the Fairies are to pass. Soon the cavalcade is heard approaching. He stands forward and seizes a rider by the mantle, and claims him by name. After some altercation and fierce struggles, the procession sweeps on with murmurs of discontent; a hurried trample of innumerable hoofs and clash of angry bells, and two human beings are standing on the midnight road. In the ballad of "Young Tamlane," we are told how a lady rescued her lover in this manner from the Fairies, and we are also admitted behind the scenes and learn *why* the "good people" have a *penchant* for the children of human parents. Elf-land, it seems, like every other land, has its secret history and its own annoyances. It appears, then, that the land of Fairy must pay tribute to Hell once every seven years, that tribute being its fattest inhabitant. The Fairies naturally prefer handing over to the tender mercies of the Fiend one of the human mortals whom they have ensnared rather than one of their own race. Young Tamlane is unhappily inclined to obesity; in fact he is the Jack Falstaff of Fairy Land; and as the seven years are nearly expired, and the time draws near when Hell must receive its due, his sleek and well-to-do condition throws him into a state of considerable trepidation. He therefore appears to his lady-love and tells her that he enjoys exceedingly the pleasure of Elf-land; indeed, he would not think of changing his residence but for the weighty considerations already mentioned, which he describes with considerable *naïveté* and pathos:

"Then I would never tire, Janet,
In Elfish land to dwell,
But aye, at every seven years,
The pay the teind to hell;
And I am sae fat and fair of flesh,
I fear 'twill be mysell."

He adds that that evening in Halloween, the evening when the Fairies would ride abroad, and that if she would save him, she must act to-night or never. She asks how she should recognize him among the passing troops of ghostly knights and unearthly cavaliers. He replies:—

"The first company that passes by,
Say na, and let them gae;
The next company that passes by,
Sae na, and do right sae;
The third company that passes by,
Then I'll be ane o' thae.
"First let pass the black, Janet,
And syne let pass the brown;
But grip ye to the milk-white steed,
And pu' the rider down.
"For I ride on the milk-white steed,
And aye nearest the toun;
Because I was a christened knight,
They gave me that renown.
"My right hand will be gloved, Janet,
My left hand will be bare;
And these the tokens I gie thee,
Nae doubt I will be there.
"They'll turn me in your arms, Janet,
An adder and a snake;
But haud me fast, let me not pass,
Gin ye wad buy me maik.
"They'll turn me in your arms, Janet,
An adder and an ask;
They'll turn me in your arms, Janet,
A bale that burns fast.
"They'll turn me in your arms, Janet,
A red-hot gad o' airn;
But haud me fast, let me not pass,
For I'll do you no harm.
"They'll shape me in your arms, Janet,
A tod, but, and an eel;
But haud me fast, nor let me gang,
As you do love me weel.
"They'll shape me in your arms, Janet,
A dove, but, and a swan,
And last they'll shape me in your arms
A mother-naked man:
Cast your green mantle over me,
I'll be mysell again."

Janet takes her station at the Miles Cross, pulled down the rider on the milk-white steed, and held her lover fast through all his changing shapes. After her green mantle was thrown over him, the wrathful voice of the Fairy Queen was heard—

- "Up then spake the Queen of Fairies
 Out o' a bush o' rye,
 'She's taen awa the bonniest knight
 In a' my companie.
- "But had I kenned Tamlane,' she says,
 'I lady had borrowed thee—
 I wad taen out thy twa gray een,
 Put in twa een o' tree.
- "Had I but kenned Tamlane,' she says,
 'Before ye cam frae hame—
 I wad taen out your heart o' flesh
 Put in a heart o' stane.
- "Had I but had the wit yestreen,
 That I hae coft the day—
 I paid my kane seven times to Hell
 Ere you'd been won away.'"

But the most famous earthly inhabitant of Fairy-land was Thomas Learmont of Erceledoune, better known by his traditionary name of Thomas the Rhymer, poet, prophet, and the beloved of the Queen of Elf-Land, who alone of mortal men dared to kiss her lips, and whose gray tower nods over the Leader, still regarded with superstitious awe by the natives of that district. This apparition, True Thomas saw as he lay stretched on the Huntly Bank on a summer's day :

- "True Thomas lay on the Huntly Bank;
 A ferlie he spied wi' his ee :
 And there he saw a ladye bright,
 Come riding down by the Eildon tree.
- "Her skirt was o' the grass green silk,
 Her mantle o' the velvet fyne :
 At ilka tett of her horse's mane,
 Hung fifty siller bells and nine.
- "True Thomas he pulled aff his cap,
 And louted low down to his knee,
 'All hail thou mighty Queen of Heaven !
 For thy peer on earth I never did see.'
- "O no, O no, Thomas,' she said,
 'That name does not belong to me;
 I am but the Queen of fair Elf-land,
 That am hither come to visit thee.
- "Harp and carp, Thomas,' she said,
 'Harp and carp along wi' me;
 And if ye dare to kiss my lips,
 Sure of your bodie I will be.'
- "Betide me weal, betide me woe,
 That weird shall never daunt me.'
 Syne he has kissed her rosy lips,
 All underneath the Eildon tree."

From that day for seven years Thomas was seen no more among men. After that period he returned and scattered abroad prophecies of days of dool and woe to Scotland, when the fields should be harvestless, and the hare bring forth her young on the hearth-stone of the castle ; of storms raging

from sea to sea, of disastrous battle-fields, of the strange overflow of rivers, and the final union of the crowns. When he left Elf-land, he was bound to return at the pleasure of its Queen. One day Thomas was feasting in his own tower, when a messenger burst into the apartment, and told that a doe and fawn of wonderful beauty were pacing, without fear, and silently as a dream, the streets of the little village. Thomas knew the signal, and immediately arose and followed the creatures into the forest, and was never again seen on earth. Had the Queen pined for her favorite? To what glory was he marshalled? To what weird to dree! His countrymen for centuries believed that he was still alive in Fairy-land, and looked for his return. ♀

The district of country which produced the Border Ballads—stretching from the cataraet of the Gray Mare's Tail, along the green valley of the Yarrow, onward to where the castle-keep of Norham blackens against the sinking sun, embracing amongst other streams the Tweed, and the waters of the Tevot and the Ettrick—is, although somewhat limited in extent, by far the most interesting in Scotland. It is a region for the most part pastoral, with round swelling hills of no great altitude, and valleys through which waters run whose names are familiar to every Scottish ear. The traveller passes in a day's journey over fifty battle-fields, some famous, some forgotten, desecry every few miles as he goes, on the hill-side or up the withdrawing glen, the gray peel of a border laird, roofless and open to the sky, the walls crowned with long withered grasses, which sigh in the passing wind, and half a dozen sheep feeding around its base, with bits of straggling brambles sticking in their wool ; or perhaps, as the day draws to a close, the mightier ruin of the castle of some feudal lord looms upon him through the fast fading light. The whole district is full of associations. Every stream has its tradition every glen is peopled by legends, every ruin is consecrated by a story of love or revenge. Genius has thrown an additional charm over the country. As you pace along the crystal mirror of St. Mary's Loch, or visit the farmhouse of Altrive, you remember Hogg. The shade of Wordsworth wanders along the silver course of Yarrow ; and when the swollen Tweed raves as it sweeps, red and

broad, round the ruins of Dryburgh, you think of him who rests there—the magician asleep in the lap of legends old, the sorcerer buried in the heart of the land he has made enchanted. This region, so peaceful now, quietly growing its harvests and fattening its flocks, was in the olden time one great theatre of strife and bloodshed. It was the battle-field of the Percy and the Douglas; and, to quote the old chronicle—

“There was never a time on the March partes,
Sen the Douglas and the Percy met,
But yt was marvell and the redde blude rounde
not
As the rane does in the street.”

The Kers, Scots, Armstrongs, and other border clans, dwelt on the waters of the Ettrick, the Whitadder, and the Teviot, and preyed on England, Scotland, and on one another, with great impartiality. Though the cloud of English war first burst on the Border, and midnight was reddened by flames from peel and farm-steading, and rendered hideous by the shouts of the plunderers and the lowing of cattle driven off with a tumult and rapidity utterly repugnant to their meditative and decorous mode of life;—though the Jameses, in moments of unusual vigor, suddenly appeared on the marches with an army, and left dozens of the robbers wavering in the wind over the gateways of their own towers, still Ishmael was untamed; in a week Cumberland was swept, or the flocks of the Lothian farmer driven off by the light of his burning house. Crushed and broken, the spirit of the borderer was never subdued; his hand was against every man, and every man's hand against him. “Forgive your enemies” was never a part of his creed, and revenge prompt and terrible was elevated unto a chief place among the virtues. He never forgot an injury, and although the insult was given in hot youth, and years had elapsed, the avenger was silently upon the track, and in gray hairs blood was exacted for blood, and groan for groan. On one occasion, Sir Robert Ker, the Warden of the Scottish March, was murdered by three Englishmen, two of whom made their escape. After some time they began to appear in public, and one of them fixed his residence at a considerable distance from the Scottish border. On this becoming known, two servants of the murdered man's son

passed into England during the night, slew him in his own house, and brought the head to their master in Edinburgh, who exposed it on a pole in one of the public streets, and left it there to wither in the sun like a gourd. In the reign of James V., Albany, then regent of the kingdom, thirsting for an opportunity to gratify his private revenge, invited Lord Home to a solemn council to be held on state affairs at Edinburgh. When the hapless chieftain arrived, he was seized, condemned on a charge of treason, and executed along with his brother. Before sailing for France, Albany appointed Sir Anthony Darcy, a French knight of great ability, to be Warden of the East March in his absence. This Frenchman was an object of intense hatred to the whole clan, whose leader had been slain. On the occasion of a border riot, he encountered Sir David Home, who reproached him with the death of his chief. A scuffle ensued, and Darcy sought refuge in flight. He was pursued for miles; at last his horse sunk up to the haunches in a morass. His enemies coming up struck off his head, and Sir David Home, shearing off his long flowing hair, plaited it into a wreath, and wore it as a trophy at his saddle-bow. From a passage in the *Memoirs of Beaugué*, a French officer who served in Scotland (quoted by Sir Walter Scott in his “*Minstrelsy*”), we learn the dreadful nature of the animosity which flamed between the English and the Marchmen. The Castle of Fairnihurst being besieged by the Borderers, and reduced to extremities, the commandant crept through the breach made in the wall, and surrendered himself to a French officer. A Borderer immediately stepped forward, and at one blow struck the Englishman's head four paces from his trunk. A hundred Scots rushed forward to wash their hands in his blood. After the Scots had slain all their own prisoners, they bought up those of the French, and their hatred may be imagined, when it is not mentioned that in a single instance they attempted to cheapen the price. Beaugué mentions that he himself sold a prisoner for a small horse to a Scot, who doubtless conceived that he had secured the luxury of killing an Englishman in the manner after his own heart at a decided bargain. There are some anecdotes preserved of Walter Scott of Harden, which

give a curious enough peep into the domestic manners of a border chief. Harden married the Flower of Yarrow, who bore him six stalwart sons, and it sometimes happened, when the giants strode into dinner with appalling appetites, whetted by the chase and the mountain breeze, they found, on uncovering the dishes, a pair of clean spurs in each, placed there by the fair hands of the Flower herself. That night an English farmer would mourn over empty stalls. A prompt grim old man was the Laird of Harden,—no danger of his armor rusting, or grass growing beneath his horse's hoofs. On one occasion his youngest son was slain in a fray with the Scots of Gilmanscleugh, but the old warrior had no tears to shed over his youngest born. The flower of Yarrow might throw herself on the body of her dead son in clamorous grief. That was what women were fitter for. He had other work to do. His sons flew to arms, and were eager for revenge. Harden quietly locked them up in their own tower and put the keys in his pocket, letting their fierce hearts fret themselves out there. He then mounted his horse and rode to Edinburgh, where he proclaimed the crime, and gained from the Crown the gift of his enemies' lands. He rode back as rapidly as he had come, the charter in his hands. Releasing his sons, he cried with a gleam in his gray eye, "To horse, lads, and let us take possession. The lands of Gilmanscleugh are well worth a dead son." Educated in the belief that plunder was the whole duty of man, and revenge the most exalted virtue, the borderer, when brought to suffer, whether by royal authority or by the hands of an opposing clan, met his fate with an unflinching heart. It was a misfortune of course to be hanged, a thing to be avoided if possible; but he could not feel that he was a criminal, and for him the gallows had no ignominy. He knew that his executioners merited the same fate as himself, and his last thought on earth was the comforting one that, in all probability they would meet it one of these days; consolation dashed next moment by the thought that he could not be there to see. Pity that! So a curse to his foes, to his friends the sternest good-night, and now——. Yet these boisterous men had their virtues. They were possessed of a rude generosity, and would go through fire and water and

would dare captivity to save a friend. They were civilized enough to abhor wanton bloodshed, they were savage enough to hate, like death, all lying and deceit. When a prisoner was dismissed on parole, he transmitted his ransom, or failing, he returned into the hands of his captor. They sacredly observed their word, and a bargain sealed by a clash of their iron palms was inviolable as a usurer's bond. Deep down in their grim hearts dwelt tears and woman's tenderness, fountains which, if they seldom overflowed, never entirely dried up. One of the Armstrongs, before he was executed in Edinburgh for the murder of Sir John Carmichael, sang the following lament:

"This night is my departing night,
For here nae langer must I stay,
There's neither friend nor foe o' mine,
But wishes me away.

"What I hae done thro' lack o' wit
I never never can recall,
I hope ye're a' my friends as yet,
Good-night, and joy be with you all."

And a strain is put into the mouth of Lord Maxwell, on his leaving Scotland for France, a banished man, which suggested "Childe Harold's Good-night;" but the Border lord's lament to "Dumfries, his proper place," "Carlaverock fair," surpasses in tenderness and pathos the modern poet singing as he gazed on England like a cloud on the horizon, the sun setting behind him in the splendid sea.

In the Border Ballads, this savage state of society, its strife and turmoil, its rude nobleness and generosity, is faithfully represented. We open their pages, and find ourselves in a new world. The Scotch moss-troopers have been across the Borders with the dawn, and are now pushing rapidly homeward with flocks of sheep and a hundred head of cattle. The alarm has spread for miles, and Cumberland is mounting in haste with spear and lance. Across barren waste and up steep ravine a bloodhound is already baying on the robbers' track. Men are posted on every ford on the Liddel; and afar on the Souter Moor, Will, stalwart Wat, and long Aicky are sitting, with a sleut-dog on the watch. We have fairly trapped the Scots to-day: and before night there will be many an empty saddle in their troop. Here is part of the rude song of one of the sufferers in the raid.

"Sleep'ry Sim of the Lamb-hill,
And snoring Jock of Suport-mill,
Ye are baith right-het and fou;
But my wae wakens na you.
Last night I saw a sorry sight,
Nought left me o' four-and-twenty guide
ousen and ky,
My weel-ridden gelding and a white quey,
But a toom byre and a wide,
And the twelve nogs on ilka side.
Fy lads! shout a' a' a' a' a'
My gear's a' gone."

"Weel may ye ken
Last night I was right scarce o' men;
But Toppet Hlob o' the Mains had gusteden
in my house by chance.
I set him to wear the fore-dore wi' a spear,
while I kept the back-door wi' a lance;
But they hae run him thro' the thick o' the
thie, and broke his knee-pan,
And the mergh o' his shin-bane has run down
on his spur-leather whang;
He's lame while he lives and where're he may
gang.
Fy lads! shout a' a' a' a' a'
My gear's a' gone."

Battle is an every-day occurrence, and wounds and dislocations are matters of course. Tush, man, don't look so white, tie up the ugly thing with a napkin: it is your turn to-day, it may be mine to-morrow. Death, too, is always walking about on the Borders; even the little children have seen him, and know his face. The older troopers when they meet him give him good-day, like a common acquaintance, and some of the more familiar stay for a moment to bandy a grim jest or two with him.

"Ane gat a twist o' the craig,
Ane gat a punch o' the wame;
Symy Hlaw gat lamed of a leg,
And syne ran bellowing hame.
Hoot, hoot, the auld man's slain outright!
Lay him now wi' his face down—he's a sorrow-
ful sight.
Janet, thou donet,
I'll lay my best bonnet,
Thou gets a new gude-man afore it be night."

A fit place, truly, to jest about a new husband: the old one lying so still there, face-downward, on the trampled grass.

In the ballad entitled "Jamie Telfer," we have a spirited description of a foray, and the subsequent pursuit and rescue of the prey. The Captain of Bewcastle had carried off Jamie's cattle, and the ruined man starts up, "leaving a greeting wife and bairnies three," and runs ten miles afoot over the new-fallen snow to summon aid. He alarms peel after peel, and the awaked inmates

hurry on jack, and grasp lance, and push on in hot haste to Branksome Ha', where Buccleuch dwelt in a sort of feudal state. "Wha brings the fraye to me?" cried the old lord as the riders clattered at his gates—

"It's I, Jamie Telfer o' the fair Dodhead,
And a harried man I think I be!
There's nought left in the fair Dodhead
But a greeting wife and bairnies three."

"Alack for wae!" quoth the gude auld lord,
'And ever my heart is wae for thee!
But fye, gar cry on Willie, my son,
To see that he come to me speedilie."

"Gar warn the water braid and wide,
Gar warn it sune and hostile;
They that winna ride for Telfer's kye,
Let them never look in the face o' me."

"Warn Wat o' Harden and his sons,
Wi' them will Borthwick water ride;
Warn Gandilands and Allan-haugh,
And Gilmanscleugh and Commonsides."

"The Scotts they rade, the Scotts they ran,
Sae starkly and sae stendilie;
And aye the ower-word o' the thrang
Was—'Rise for Branksome readilie.'"

With their number augmented, they ride forward, and in a short time come in sight of the Captain of Bewcastle and his men driving the booty straight for England. As was to be expected, little time is wasted in words.

"Then til't they gaed wi' heart and hand,
The blows fell thick as bickering hail;
And mony a horse ran masterless,
And mony a comely cheek was pale."

"But Willie was stricken ower the head,
And thro' the knapsap the sword has gane,
And Harden grat for very rage,
When Willie on the grund lay slain."

"But he's taen aff his gude steel cap,
And thrice he's waved it in the air;
The Dinlay snaw was ne'er mair white
Nor the lyart locks of Harden's hair."

"Revenge! Revenge!" auld Wat gan cry:
'Fye, lads, lay on them cruellie,
We'll ne'er see Tevoitside again,
Or Willie's death revenged shall be.'

"O mony a horse ran masterless,
The splintered lances flew on hie;
But or they war to the Kershope ford,
The Scots had gotten the victory."

Having now secured Jamie's cattle, the idea suggests itself to one of the party that they might improve the occasion by robbing the Captain's house.

"There was a wild gallant among us a',
His name was Watty wi' the Wudspurs,
Cried—'On for his house in Stanegirthside,
If ony man will ride with us!'

"When they cam to the Stanegirthside,
They dang wi' trees and burst the door,
They loosed out a' the Captain's kye,
And set them forth our lads before.

"There was an auld wyfe ayont the fire,
A wee bit o' the Captain's kin,
'Whae dar loose out the Captain's kye,
Or answer to him and his men.'

"It's I, Watty Wudspurs, loose the kye,
I winna layne my name frae thee!
And I will loose out the Captain's kye
In scorn of a' his men and he.'

"When they cam to the fair Dodhead,
They were a welcome sight to see!
For instead of his ain ten milk kye,
Jamie Telfer has got thirty and three.

"And he has paid the rescue shot,
Baith wi' goud and white monie;
And at the burial o' Willie Scott
I wat was mony a weeping ee."

But "Kinmont Willie" is the finest of all these Ballads; remarkable for the daring deed it celebrates, and the light and laughing scorn of danger which it exhibits. The moss-trooper encounters peril with as gay a heart as he opens a dance with a rustic beauty at a Border fair. Lord Scroope and Sheriff Salkelde have succeeded in capturing Kinmont Willie, a robber whose exploits were well known on the Marches.

"They band his legs beneath the steed,
They tied his hands behind his back;
They guarded him five-some on each side,
And they brought him ower the Liddel-rack.

"They led him thro' the Liddel-rack,
And also thro' the Carlisle sands;
They brought him to Carlisle castel,
To be at my Lord Scroope's commands.

"My hands are tied, but my tongue is free,
And whae will dare this deed avow?
Or answer by the Border law?
Or answer to the bauld Buccleuch?"

"Now haud thy tongue, thou rank riever!
There's never a Scot shall set the free;
Before ye cross my castle-yate,
I trow ye shall take farewell o' me."

"Fear na that, my lord," quo' Will;
'By the faith o' my body, Lord Scroope,'
he said,

'I never yet lodged in a hostlerie
But I paid my lawing before I gaed.'"

So, while Willie lies in the central dungeon under a load of clanking chains thinking on his sins, and the cheerless hours creep on that bring his death on Haribee, intelligence of the capture reaches Buccleuch in Branksome Hall. How the blood of the Border chieftain boils up—

"He has ta'en the table wi' his hand,
He garr'd the red wine spring on hie;
'Now Christ's curse on my head,' he said,
'But avenged of Lord Scroope I'll be.

"O is my basnet a widow's eurtch?
Or my lance a wand o' the willow tree?
Or my arm a ladye's lily hand,
That an English lord should lightly me?"

"And have they ta'en him, Kinmont Willie,
Against the truce of Border tide?
And forgotten that the bauld Buccleuch
Is Keeper here on the Scottish side?

"And have they ta'en him, Kinmont Willie,
Withouthen either dread or fear?
And forgotten that the bauld Buccleuch
Can back a steed and shake a spear?"

Kinmont is to be delivered, and the rescuing party is described. Note the characteristic touch of Border humor at the close. It is quite an exquisite jest to run a man through the body, and the want of appreciation of the joke on the part of the skewered makes it all the more delightful.

"He has called him forty marchmen bauld,
Were kinsmen to the bauld Buccleuch;
With spur on heel, and splent on spauld,
And gleuves of green and feathers blue.

"There were five and five before them a',
Wi' hunting-horns and bugles bright;
And five and five came wi' Buccleuch,
Like warden's men arrayed for fight.

"And five and five, like a mason gang,
That carried the ladders lang and hie;
And five and five, like broken men,
And so they reached the Woodhouselee.

"And as we crossed the Bateable land,
When to the English side we held,
The first o' men that we met wi'
Whae sould it be but the fause Sakelde?

"Where be ye gaun, ye hunters keen?
Quo' fause Sakelde; 'come tell to me!'
'We go to hunt an English stag
Has trespassed on the Scots countrie.'

"Where be ye gaun, ye marshal men?
Quo' fause Sakelde; 'come tell me true!'
'We go to catch a rank riever
Has broken faith wi' the bauld Buccleuch.'

"Where are ye gaun, ye mason lads?
Quo' fause Sakelde; 'come tell to me!'
'We gang to harry a corbie's nest
That wons not far frae Woodhouselee.'

"Where be ye gaun, ye broken men?
Quo' fause Sakelde; 'come tell to me!'
Now Dickie of Dryhope led that band,
And the nevir a word of lear had he.

"Why trespass ye on the English side?
Row-footed outlaws, stand!' quo' he.
The niver a word had Dickie to say,
Sae he thrust the lance thro' his fause bodie."

Here is the rescue and conclusion :

- “Wi’ coulters and wi’ forehammers,
We garred the bars bang merrilie,
Until we came to the inner prison,
Where Willie o’ Kinmont he did lie.
- “And when we cam to the inner prison,
Where Willie o’ Kinmont he did lie—
‘O sleep ye, wake ye, Kinmont Willie,
Upon the day that thou’s to die?’
- “‘O I sleep saft, and I wake aft,
Its lang since sleeping was fleyed frae me!
Gie my service back to my wife and bairns,
And a’ gude fellows that speir for me.’
- “Then Red Rowan has hente him up,
The starkest man in Teviotdale—
‘Abide, abide, now, Red Rowan,
Till of my Lord Scoope I take farewell.
- “‘Farewell, farewell, my gude Lord Scoope,
My gude Lord Scoope, farewell,’ he cried;
‘I’ll pay you for my lodging maill,
When first we meet on the Border-side.’
- “Then shoulder high, with shout and cry,
We bore him down the ladder lang;
At every stride Red Rowan made,
I wot the Kinmont’s airs played clang!
- “‘O mony a time,’ quo’ Kinmont Willie,
‘I have ridden a horse baith wild and wood,
But a rougher beast than Red Rowan
I ween my legs have ne’er bestrode.’
- “‘And mony a time,’ quo’ Kinmont Willie,
‘I’ve pricked a horse out once the furs;
But since the day I backed a steed
I never wore sic cumbrous spurs.’
- “We scarce had won the Staneshaw-bank,
When a’ the Carlisle bells were rung,
And a thousand men on horse and foot
Cam wi’ the keen Lord Scoope along.
- “Buocleuch has turn’d to Eden Water,
Even where it flowed frae bank to brim;
And he has plunged in wi’ a’ his band
And safely swam them through the stream.
- “He turned him to the other side,
And at Lord Scoope his glove flung he—
‘If ye like na my visit in merry England,
In fair Scotland come visit me.’
- “All sore astonished stood Lord Scoope,
He stood as still as rock of stane;
He scarcely dared to trew his eyes,
When thro’ the water they had gane.
- “‘He’s either himsell a devil frae hell,
Or else his mother a witch maun be;
I wadna ha ridden that wan water
For a’ the gowd in Christentie.’”

So all those fierce spirits have stormed themselves out, and we learn the stories of their strifes and hatreds, their generousities and revenges, their burnings and plunderings, from the strains of a few wandering and forgotten minstrels. They were brave men, who did what work they had to do

with promptitude and vigor, dandled children proudly enough on their knees, and when it came to that at last, they clashed down in harness, and death and pain got as few groans out of them as out of most. Times are changed now, however. Their sons have the same bold hearts and strong arms, but they are turned to other uses, and worn out in other tasks. The stream which of yore rushed wastefully from fount to sea, is banked and bridged, it turns the wheels of innumerable mills, carries on its bosom barge and stately ship, sweeps through mighty towns where thousands live and die beneath an ever-brooding canopy of smoke, and melts into peaceful ocean-rest, a laborer grimed and worn; but its cradle is still, as of old, on the mountain-top among the sacred splendors of the dawn, its companions the flying sunbeams and the troops of stars, its nurses the dews of heaven and the weeping clouds.

There are modern writers who conceive that man is only poetical when he clanks about in mail and swears by St. Bridget; when he inhabits an immense castle turreted and moated, with a background of savage pines, amongst which the winds make a great roaring of winter nights; who spends his forenoons amongst his dogs, or amuses himself with flying his falcon at the blue-legged heron that rises screaming from the weedy pool; and they are careful to inform the world that the Ballad is the most natural form of poetry, and ought to be the model of all future compositions. The wisdom of this seems very questionable. The most profitless work on this planet is the simulation of ancient ballads; to hold water in a sieve is the merest joke to it. A man may as well try to recall Yesterday, or to manufacture tradition or antiquity with the moss of ages on them. It has been attempted by men of the highest genius, but in no case with encouraging success. If ever a man was qualified for the task, it was Sir Walter Scott. No one lived more in the past than he. He was more familiar with the men of the middle ages than with the men who brushed past him in Princes Street; and yet, his efforts in the ballad form—beautiful and spirited poems they all are—are devoid of the homely garrulousness, the simple-heartedness, the carelessness and unconsciousness which give such a charm to the productions

of the old minstrels. There is no modern attempt which could by any chance or possibility be mistaken for an original. You read the date upon it as legibly as upon the letter you received yesterday. However dexterous the workman, he is discovered—a word blabs, the turn of a phrase betrays him. Simplicity, which is seen at a glance to be affected, carelessness elaborately labored, and modes of thought and expression which have no correspondence with the feelings or the language of living men, are not ornamental to any form of composition. Why should we go to steel-clad barons and rough-riding moss-troopers,—is there not sufficient poetry in the life which environs us to-day? It is of course the merest truism, that in every age and under every disguise—beating beneath the mail of the Crusader or the vest of the English gentleman—the same human heart sorrows and rejoices, and that all poetry resides in it, and not in its encasement of Yorkshire broad-cloth or Spanish steel; but it is astonishing how frequently a truism which has passed for generations among men like current coin, would startle them if they only took the trouble to examine it. The more generally a thing is supposed to be believed by mankind, the less real faith there is in it. Handle your truism, and it explodes beneath your unsuspecting nose like a bombshell. Carlyle utters the merest truisms, and what a strange sound that is:—there is again a prophet amongst men! Our ballad poetry is valuable,—for certain special merits of genuineness and nature second only to the Shakespearean drama,—but why it should be chosen as a model, and sedulously imitated, is not altogether evident. Let genius have free range and scope: it has its own laws which it must obey, and no others; and although ever new, its developments are ever beautiful and harmonious. Poetry has a value in right of its truth and beauty; it has also a value of an historical and illu-

trative nature; the first may decrease, and be less regarded from the changing habits and feelings of society; the second increases necessarily as the ages roll. Every bygone period of the world has reflected itself in its contemporary poetry. History storms on with siege and battle and political crisis, but Poetry runs alongside supplementing History, smoothing its austerities, filling up its chasms and interstices with music, catching up the life of the streets and the current talk and humors of men; chronicling the emotions, the desires that inflame, the fears and spectres that daunt the heart. The Ballads are full of the turbulent times which environed their authors. When we wish to know something of the fourteenth century, we derive our knowledge, not so much from formal history, as from Chaucer's picture of the pilgrims in the room at the Tabard, or his description of their ride to Canterbury on the following morning. Though so long ago, we can see the flutter of their dresses and hear them laughing yet. The reader of Pope values him not so much for his splendid antithesis and his glittering wit, but because in his pages he comes face to face with the century, breathes its very air, walks into its saloons, sits among beruffled and rapiered dandies and beauties with patches on their cheeks, hears all their delicious scandals, and the good things of the wits; and whether intentionally or unintentionally—perhaps all the better and completer that it is done without special purpose or design—the day which is now passing will be preserved for future men in its poetry. And while history shall repeat the names of Alma and Sebastopol, and the story of the silent Emperor across the water, Tennyson and the Brownings will open the doors of our houses, and readers may see the faces, hear the voices, and note, if they choose, the very furniture of the rooms, with the spaniel asleep on the rug, of the men who are living now.

A. S.

THE Kingston *Whig* says: "We announce it as a positive fact, that Dr. Rae, the Arctic traveller, aided by the contributions of kind friends, is building in Kingston dock-yard an Arctic schooner, to be ready in May, to go down to Quebec, thence to the Arctic regions, to make one more search for Captain Franklin's party, dead or alive. Dr. Rae is to command the

schooner, and the party of hardy adventurers to accompany him and man his vessel are selected and engaged. We say to search for Captain Franklin and his men; because, as for the ships *Terror* and *Erebus*, they were most unquestionably seen in 1851, attached to an iceberg, drifting to the south, in the same way as was the *Resolute*."

From The Quarterly Review.

1. *A Treatise on the Nature, Fecundity, and Devastating Character of the Rat, and its cruel Cost to the Nation, with the best Means for its Extermination.* By Uncle James. London, 1850.
2. *Hygiène publique, ou Mémoires sur les Questions les plus importantes de l'Hygiène; appliquée aux Professions et aux Travaux d'Utilité publique.* Par A. J. B. Parent Duchâtelet. Paris, 2 vols., 1836.
3. *Gleanings in Natural History.* By Edward Jesse. 8th edition. London, 1854.

BOSWELL relates that the wits, who assembled at the house of Sir Joshua Reynolds to hear Grainger's poem on the "Sugar-cane" read in manuscript, burst into laughter when, after much pompous blank-verse, a new paragraph commenced with the invocation—

"Now, Muse, let's sing of rats."

But, if a mean topic for the bard, they are an interesting subject to the naturalist, an anxious one to the agriculturist, and of some importance to everybody. Though it was no easy matter to throw around them a halo of poetry, and to elevate them into epic dignity—a difficulty which was noways surmounted by calling them, as Grainger subsequently did, "the whiskered vermin race"—yet there was nothing with which they had a more serious practical connection than the "Sugar-cane." It was reckoned that in Jamaica they consumed a twentieth part of the entire crop, and 30,000 were destroyed in one year in a single plantation. In fact rats are to the earth what sparrows are to the air—universally present. Unlike their feathered analogues we rarely see them, and consequently have little idea of the liberality with which they are distributed over every portion of the habitable globe. They swarm in myriads in the vast network of sewers under our feet, and by means of our house-drains have free access to our basements, under which they burrow; in the walls they establish a series of hidden passages; they rove beneath the floors and the roof, and thus establish themselves above, below, and beside us. In the remote islands of the Pacific they equally abound, and are sometimes the only inhabitants. But we shall not attempt to write the universal history of the rat. It is

enough if we narrate his doings in Great Britain.

There are in England two kinds of land-rats—the old English black rat, and the Norwegian or brown rat. According to Mr. Waterton the black rat is the native and proper inhabitant of the island; the brown rat not only an interloper and exterminator, but a Whig rat—a combination which he thinks perfectly consistent. In his charming *Essays on Natural History* he says:

"Though I am not aware that there are any minutes in the zoological archives of this country which point out to us the precise time at which this insatiate and mischievous little brute first appeared among us, still there is a tradition current in this part of the country (Yorkshire) that it actually came over in the same ship which conveyed the new dynasty to these shores. My father, who was of the first order of field naturalists, was always positive upon this point, and he maintained firmly that it did accompany the House of Hanover in its emigration from Germany to England."

Having thus given the "little brute" a bad name, he pertinaciously hunts him through the two volumes of his *Essays*; nay, he does more; for, on account of his Whiggism, he is the only wild animal banished forever from Waterton Hall, that happy home for all other fowls of the air and beasts of the field, against which gamekeepers wage war as vermin. In Carpenter's edition of Cuvier, however, an account is given of the brown rat, or Surmulot, which, if true, entirely disposes of this pretty account of his advent. We are there told that he originally came from Persia, where he lives in burrows, and that he did not set out on his travels until the year 1727, when an earthquake induced him to swim the Volga, and enter Europe by way of Astrakan.* When once he had set foot in England, he no doubt treated his weaker brother and predecessor, the black rat, much as the Stuart dynasty was treated by the House of Hanover. Though the black rat was not himself an usurper, but rather an

* The history of the migrations of the rat involved in doubt, and none of the accounts can be relied on. Goldsmith had been assured that the Norway rat, as it is called, though it was quite unknown in that country when it established itself in England, came to us from the coasts of Ireland, whither it had been carried in the ships that traded in provisions to Gibraltar.

emigrant who took possession of an unoccupied territory, his reign is also said by some to have been contemporaneous with an earlier change in the royal line of England, for he is asserted to have come over in the train of the Conqueror. He still abounds in Normandy, and to this day is known in Wales under the name of *Llyoden Ffancon*—the French mouse.

Rats are no exception to the law which, Wordsworth says, prevails among "all the creatures of flood and field."

"The good old rule

Sufficeth them—the simple plan,

That they should take who have the power,

And they should keep who can."

But the black rat has kept more than is commonly imagined. Mr. Waterton is mistaken when he adopts the popular notion that the old English breed which came in with the Conqueror is almost totally annihilated by his brown cousin. The first comer has no more been destroyed by the subsequent invader, than the Celt is annihilated by the triumphant Saxon. As we find the former still holding their ground in Cornwall, Wales, and the Highlands of Scotland, so we find the black rat flourishing in certain localities. In the neighborhood of the Tower, in Whitbread's brewery, and in the Whitechapel sugar-refineries, he still holds his own, and woe be to any brown trespasser who ventures into his precincts. The weaker animal has learnt that union is strength, and, acting in masses, they attack their powerful foe as fearlessly as a flight of swallows does a hawk; but if an equal number of the two breeds are placed together in a cage without food, the chances are that all the black rats will have disappeared before morning, and, even though well fed, the brown *Brobdignags* invariably eat off the long and delicate ears of their little brethren, just as a gourmand, after a substantial meal, amuses his appetite with a wafer-biscuit.

The rapid spread of the rat is due to the fearlessness with which he will follow man and his commissariat wherever he goes. Scarcely a ship leaves a port for a distant voyage but it takes in its complement of rats as regularly as the passengers, and in this manner the destructive little animal has not only distributed himself over the entire globe, but, like an enterprising traveller, continu-

ally passes from one country to another. The colony of four-footed depredators, which ships itself free of expense, makes, for instance, a voyage to Calcutta, whence many of the body will again go to sea, and land perhaps at some uninhabited island where the vessel may have touched for water. In this manner many a hoary old wanderer has circumnavigated the globe oftener than Captain Cook, and set his paws on twenty different shores. The rat-catcher to the East India Company has often destroyed as many as five hundred in a ship newly arrived from Calcutta. The genuine ship-rat is a more delicate animal than the brown rat, and has so strong a resemblance to the old Norman breed, that we cannot help thinking they are intimately related. The same fine large ear, sharp nose, long tail, dark fur, and small size, characterize both, and a like antipathy exists between them and the Norwegian species. It is by no means uncommon to find distinct colonies of the two kinds in the same ship—the one confining itself to the stem, the other to the stern, of the vessel. The same arrangement is often adopted in the warehouses of seaports, the ship's company generally locating themselves as near the water as possible, and the landmen in the more inland portion of the building.

When rats have once found their way into a ship they are secure as long as the cargo is on board, provided they can command the great necessary—water. If this is well guarded, they will resort to extraordinary expedients to procure it. In a rainy night they will come on deck to drink, and will even ascend the rigging to sip the moisture which lies in the folds of the sails. When reduced to extremities they will attack the spirit-casks, and get so drunk that they are unable to walk home. The land-rat will, in like manner, gnaw the metal tubes which in public-houses lead from the spirit-store to the tap, and is as convivial on these occasions as his nautical relation. The entire race have a quick ear for running liquid, and they constantly eat into leaden pipes, and much to their astonishment receive a douche-bath in consequence. It is without doubt the difficulty of obtaining water which causes them in many cases to desert the ship the moment she touches the shore. On such occasions they get, if possible, dry-footed to land, which they generally accom-

plish by passing in Indian file along the mooring-rope, though, if no other passage is provided for them, they will not hesitate to swim. In the same manner they board ships from the shore. and so well are their invading habits known to sailors, that it is common upon coming into port to fill up the hawser holes, or else to run the mooring-cable through a broom, the projecting twigs of which effectually stop the ingress of these nautical quadrupeds. Their occupancy of the smaller bird-breeding islands invariably ends in their driving away the feathered inhabitants, for they plunder the nests of their eggs, and devour the young. The puffins have in this way been compelled to relinquish Puffin's Island, off the coast of Caernarvon.

The ship-rat must not be confounded with the water-rat, which is an entirely different species. The latter partakes of the habits of the beaver, and is somewhat like him in appearance. He possesses the same bluff head and long fur in which are buried his diminutive ears. He dwells in holes, in the banks of rivers, which he constructs with a land and water entrance to provide against destruction by the sudden rising of the stream. This animal lives entirely upon vegetable food, which he will now and then seek at some distance inland, and we suspect that to him may be traced many of the devastations in the fruit and vegetable gardens for which the poor sparrows get the blame. We have seen water-rats cross a wide meadow, climb the stalks of the dwarf beans; and, after detaching the pods with their teeth, shell their contents in the most workmanlike manner. They will mount vines and feed on the grapes; and a friend informs us that on one occasion he saw a water-rat go up a ladder which was resting against a plum-tree, and attack the fruit. If a garden is near the haunts of water-rats, it is necessary to watch narrowly for the holes underneath the walls, for they will burrow under the foundation with all the vigor of sappers and miners. Such is the cunning with which they drive their shafts that they will ascend beneath a stack of wood, a heap of stones, or any other object which will conceal the passage by which they obtain an entrance.

The water-rat is, however, a rare animal compared with its first-cousin, the common brown or Norway rat, which is likewise, as

Lord Bacon says of the ant, "a shrewd thing in a garden." They select, according to Cobbett, the prime of the dessert—melons, strawberries, grapes, and wall-fruit; and though they do but taste of each, it is not, as he remarks, very pleasant to eat after them. Not many years since they existed in millions in the drains and sewers of the metropolis. Several causes have been in operation to diminish their numbers, and in some quarters of the town almost wholly to extinguish them. In the first place, the method of flushing the sewers lately adopted is exceedingly fatal to them. When the sluices are opened, go they must with the rush of waters, and they may be seen shot out by hundreds from the mouths of the culverts into the Thames. The fact that rats are worth three shillings a dozen for sporting purposes proves, however, the most certain means of their destruction, for it insures their ceaseless pursuit by the great hunter, man. The underground city of sewers becomes one vast hunting-ground, in which men regularly gain a livelihood by capturing them. Before entering the subterraneous world the associates generally plan what routes they will take, and at what point they will meet, possibly with the idea of driving their prey towards a central spot. They go in couples, each man carrying a lighted candle with a tin reflector, a bag, a sieve, and a spade; the spade and sieve being used for examining any deposit which promises to contain some article of value. The moment the rat sees the light he runs along the sides of the drain just above the line of the sewage water; the men follow, and speedily overtake the winded animal, which no sooner finds his pursuers gaining upon him than he sets up a shrill squeak, in the midst of which he is seized with the bare hand behind the ears, and deposited in the bag. In this manner a dozen will sometimes be captured in as many minutes. When driven to bay at the end of a blind sewer, they will often fly at the boots of their pursuers in the most determined manner.

The favorite stronghold of the rat is that portion of the house-drain which opens at right angles into the main sewer. Here he sits like a sentinel, and in security watches with his keen but astonished eyes the extraordinary apparition running with a light

It is a remarkable fact that most untrapped house-drains are inhabited by their own particular rats, and woe be to the intruder who ventures to interfere with those in possession. The rat as well as the cat may thus be classed among the domestic animals of the household, who acts as a kind of preventive puss in keeping out the whole underground community of vermin, which otherwise would have the run of our basements.

These vermin congregate thickest in the neighborhood of slaughter-houses, or, in other words, where food is most plentiful. They are frequently found sitting in clusters on the ledge formed by the invert of the sewers. As the scavengers of drains, they undoubtedly do good service, but it is a poor set-off for the mischief they perpetrate in destroying the brick-work of the sewers—burrowing in every direction, and thus constructing lateral cesspools, the contents of which permeate the ground and filter into the wells. In making these excavations, moreover, they invariably transfer the earth to the main sewers, and form obstructions to the flow. The accumulations of their paw-work have regularly to be removed in small trucks constructed for the purpose, and if this precaution were not taken they would in a few years entirely destroy the vast system of subterranean culverts which have been laboriously constructed at the expense of millions. The pipe-drains with smooth barrels, which the rat's tooth cannot touch, alone baffle him; indeed, the rapid flow of water in their narrow channel prevents his even retaining his footing in them. In revenge for thus being circumvented, he has in many cases entirely ruined the newly laid channel of pipes by burrowing under them, and causing them to dip and open at the joints.

In France the sewer authorities hold an annual hunting match, on which occasion there is a grand capture of rats; these animals are not destined to afford sport to the "fancy" under the tender manipulations of a dog "Billy;" on the contrary, our neighbors have too much respect for the integrity of its hide. We are informed that they have established a company in Paris, upon the Hudson's Bay principle, to buy up all the rats of the country for the sake of their skin. The soft nap of the fur when dressed is of the most beautiful texture, far exceeding in delicacy that of the beaver, and the

hatters consequently use it as a substitute. The hide is employed to make the thumbs of the best gloves, the elasticity and closeness of its texture rendering it preferable to kid.

Parent Duchâtelet collected several particulars of the rats which in his day frequented the knackers' yards at Montfaucon. Attracted by the abundance of animal food, they increased so enormously that the surrounding inhabitants, hearing that the government intended to remove these establishments, were seized with apprehension lest the vermin, when deprived of their larder, should spread through the neighborhood, and, like a flight of locusts, swallow up every thing. The alarmists may even have feared lest they should meet with a similar fate to that of the Archbishop of Mayence, who, if old chronicles are to be believed, retired to a tower in one of the isles of the Rhine to escape being devoured by a host of these creatures whose appetites were set upon him, and who, pertinaciously pursuing him to his retreat, succeeded in eating him up at last. The Report of the Commission instituted to inquire into the circumstances of the Montfaucon case showed that the apprehensions of serious damage were by no means unfounded.

"If the carcasses of dead horses be thrown during the day in a corner, the next morning they will be found stripped of their flesh. An old proprietor of one of the slaughter-houses had a certain space of ground entirely surrounded by walls, with holes only large enough for the ingress and egress of rats. Within this inclosure he left the carcasses of two or three horses; and when night came, he went quietly with his workmen, stopped up the holes, and then entered into the inclosure, with a stick in one hand and a lighted torch in the other. The animals covered the ground so thickly that a blow struck anywhere did execution. By repeating the process after intervals of a few days, he killed 16,050 rats in the space of one month, and 2650 in a single night. They have burrowed under all the walls and buildings in the neighborhood, and it is only by such precautions as putting broken glass bottles round the foundation of a house attached to the establishment that the proprietor is able to preserve it. All the neighboring fields are excavated by them; and it is not unusual for the earth to give way and leave these subterraneous works exposed. In severe frost, when it becomes impossible

to cut up the bodies of the horses, and when the fragments of flesh are almost too hard for the rats to feed upon, they enter the body and devour the flesh from the inside, so that when the thaw comes the workmen find nothing below the skin but a skeleton, better cleared of its flesh than if it had been done by the most skillful operator. Their ferocity, as well as their voracity, surpasses any thing that can be imagined. M. Majendie placed a dozen rats in a box in order to try some experiments; when he reached home and opened the box, there were but three remaining; these had devoured the rest, and had only left their bones and tails."

We have been informed that these rats regularly marched in troops in search of water in the dusk of the evening, and that they have often been met in single file, stealing beside the walls that lined the road to their drinking-place. As the pavement in Paris overhangs the gutters, the rats take advantage of this covered way to creep in safety from street to street. Their migratory habits are well known, and every neighborhood has its tale of their travels. Mr. Jesse relates an anecdote, communicated to him by a Sussex clergyman, which tends to prove that the old English rat at least shows a consideration and care for its elders on the march which is worthy of human philanthropy. "Walking out in some meadows one evening, he observed a great number of rats migrating from one place to another. He stood perfectly still, and the whole assemblage passed close to him. His astonishment, however, was great when he saw amongst the number an old blind rat, which held a piece of stick at one end in its mouth, while another had hold of the other end of it, and thus conducted its blind companion." A kindred circumstance was witnessed in 1757 by Mr. Purdew, a surgeon's mate on board the Lancaster. Lying awake one evening in his berth, he saw a rat enter, look cautiously round, and retire. He soon returned leading a second rat, who appeared to be blind, by the ear. A third rat joined them shortly afterwards, and assisted the original conductor in picking up fragments of biscuit, and placing them before their infirm parent, as the blind old patriarch was supposed to be. It is only when tormented by hunger that they appear to lose their fellow-feeling, and to prey upon one another.

The sagacity of the rat in the pursuit of

food is so great, that we almost wonder at the small amount of its cerebral development. Indeed he is so cunning, and works occasionally with such human ingenuity, that accounts which are perfectly correct are sometimes received as mere fables. Incredible as the story may appear of their removing hens' eggs by one fellow lying on his back and grasping tightly his ovoid burden with his forepaws, whilst his comrades drag him away by the tail, we have no reason to disbelieve it, knowing as we do that they will carry eggs from the bottom to the top of a house, lifting them from stair to stair, the first rat pushing them up on its hind and the second lifting them with its fore legs. They will extract the cotton from a flask of Florence oil, dipping in their long tails, and repeating the manoeuvre until they have consumed every drop. We have found lumps of sugar in deep drawers at a distance of thirty feet from the place where the petty-larceny was committed; and a friend saw a rat mount a table on which a drum of figs was placed, and straightway tip it over, scattering its contents on the floor beneath, where a score of his expectant brethren sat watching for the windfall. His instinct is no less shown in the selection of suitable food. He attacks the portion of the elephant's tusks that abound with animal oil, in preference to that which contains phosphate of lime, and the rat-gnawn ivory is selected by the turner as fitted for billiard-balls and other articles where the qualities of elasticity and transparency are required. Thus the tooth-print of this little animal serves as a distinguishing mark of excellence in a precious material devoted to the decorative arts. The rat does not confine himself to inert substances; when he is hard pressed for food he will attack any thing weaker than himself. Frogs, Goldsmith says, had been introduced into Ireland some considerable time before the brown rat, and had multiplied abundantly, but they were pursued in their marshes by this indefatigable hunter, and eaten clean from off the Emerald Isle. He does not scruple to assault domestic poultry; though a rat which attempted to capture the chicken of a game fowl, was killed by the mother with beak and spur in the course of twelve minutes. The hen seized it by the neck, shook it violently, put out an eye, and plainly showed that the fowl

in a conflict would be the more powerful of the two, if he was only equally daring. The number of young ducks which the rats destroyed in the Zoological Gardens rendered it necessary to surround the pools with a wire rat-fencing, which halfway up has a pipe of wire-work, the circle of which is not complete by several inches in the under part, and the rat, unable to crawl along the concave roof which stops his onward path, is compelled to return discomfited.

The rats have been for a long time the pests of these Gardens, attracted by the presence of large quantities of food. The grating under one of the tigers' dens is eaten through by this nimble-toothed burglar, who makes as light of copper-wire as of leaden pipes. Immediately upon the construction of the new monkey-house, they took possession and ate through the floors in every direction to get at poor Jacko's bread. Vigorous measures were taken to exclude them; the floors were filled in with concreté, and the open roof was ceiled; but they quietly penetrated through the plaster of the latter, as may be seen by the holes to this day. They burrowed in the old inclosure of the wombat till the ground was quite rotten; and they still march about the den of the rhinoceros, and scamper over his impregnable hide. It is only by constantly hunting them with terriers that they can be kept down, and as many as a hundred in a fortnight are often dispatched, their carcases being handed over to the vultures and eagles. Many of them seek in the daytime a securer retreat. They have frequently been seen at evening swimming in companies across the canal to forage in the Gardens through the night, and in the morning they returned to their permanent quarters by the same route.

The proprietors of the bonded-wheat warehouses on the banks of the Thames are forced to take the utmost precautions against the entrance of these depredators; otherwise they would troop in myriads from the sewers and water-side premises, and, as they are undoubtedly in the habit of communicating among their friends the whereabouts of any extraordinary supplies, they would go on increasing day by day as the report of the good news spread through rat-land. To repel their attentions, the wooden floors, and the under parts of the doors of the granaries, are lined with sheet-iron, and the

foundations are sometimes set in concrete mixed with glass—matters too hard for even their teeth to discuss.

Country rats in the summer take to the fields, and create enormous havoc among the standing corn. They nibble off the ears of wheat, and carry them to their runs and burrows, where large stores have been found hoarded up with all the forethought of the dormouse. Farmers are often puzzled to account for the presence of rats in wheat-stacks which have been placed upon the most cunningly-contrived stands. The fact is, these animals are tossed up with the sheaves to the rick, where they increase and multiply at their leisure, and frequently to such an extent that a rick, seeming fair on the outside, is little better than a huge rat-pie.

The propensity of the rat to gnaw must not be attributed altogether to a reckless determination to overcome impediments. The never-ceasing action of his teeth is not a pastime, but a necessity of his existence. The writer of an interesting paper on rats in "Bentley's Miscellany" has explained so clearly the dentistry of the tribe, that we extract his account:

"The rat has formidable weapons in the shape of four small, long, and very sharp teeth, two of which are in the upper and two in the lower jaw. These are formed in the shape of a wedge, and by the following wonderful provision of nature have always a fine, sharp, cutting edge. On examining them carefully, we find that the inner part is of a soft, ivory-like composition, which may be easily worn away, whereas the outside is composed of a glass-like enamel, which is excessively hard. The upper teeth work exactly into the under, so that the centres of the opposed teeth meet exactly in the act of gnawing; the soft part is thus being perpetually worn away, while the hard part keeps a sharp chisel-like edge; at the same time the teeth grow up from the bottom, so that as they wear away a fresh supply is ready. The consequence of this arrangement is, that, if one of the teeth be removed, either by accident or on purpose, the opposed tooth will continue to grow upwards, and, as there is nothing to grind it away, will project from the mouth and turn upon itself; or, if it be an under-tooth, it will even run into the skull above. There is a preparation in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons which well illustrates this fact. It is an incisor tooth of a rat, which, from the cause above mentioned, has increased its growth upward to such a degree that it has

formed a complete circle and a segment of another; the diameter of it is about large enough to admit a good-sized thumb. It is accompanied by the following memorandum, addressed by a Spanish priest to Sir J. Banks, who presented it to the Museum: 'I send you an extraordinary tooth of a rat. Believe me, it was found in the Nazareth garden (to which Order I belong). I was present when the animal was killed, and took the tooth; I know not its virtues, nor have the natives discovered them.'

We once saw a newly-killed rat to whom this misfortune had occurred. The tooth, which was an upper one, had in this case also formed a complete circle, and the point in winding round had passed through the lip of the animal. Thus the ceaseless working of the rat's incisors against some hard substance is necessary to keep them down, and if he did not gnaw for his subsistence he would be compelled to gnaw to prevent his jaws being gradually locked by their rapid development.

The destructive nature of the rat, the extraordinary manner in which he multiplies, and his perpetual presence—for where there is a chink that he can fill, and food for him to eat, there he will be, notwithstanding that a long line of ancestors have one after another been destroyed on the spot*—necessitates some counteracting influence to keep him within due bounds; this is done by making him the prey of hunting animals and reptiles, beginning with man, and running down the chain of organized life to the gliding snake. The poor rat, although he doubtless does service as a scavenger, and must have his use in fulfilling some essential purpose of creation, finds favor nowhere; every man's hand, nearly every feline paw, and many birds' beaks, are against him. The world thinks of him, as of the pauper boy in *Oliver Twist*, "Hit him hard, he ain't a'got no friends." Dwelling in the midst of alarms, he might be supposed to pass an uneasy and nervous existence. But it is nothing of the kind. The same Providence which has furnished him with the teeth suitable to the work they have to perform

* When the atmospheric railway to Epsom was at work the rats came for the grease which was used to make the endless leather valve, which ran on the top of the suction-pipe, air-tight. Some of them entered the tube, from which they were sucked with every passing train; nevertheless, day by day, others were immolated in the same manner.

has endowed him with feelings proper to his lot, and no animal, if he be watched from a distance, appears more happy and complacent. In danger he preserves a wonderful presence of mind, and acts upon the principle that while there is life there is hope. His cunning on such occasions is often remarkable, and evinces a reasoning power of no contemptible order:

"A traveller in Ceylon," says Mrs. Lee, in her entertaining "*Anecdotes of Animals*," "saw his dogs set upon a rat, and, making them relinquish it, he took it up by the tail, the dogs leaping after it the whole time. He carried it into his dining-room to examine it by the light of the lamp, during the whole of which period it remained as if it were dead,—the limbs hanging, and not a muscle moving. After five minutes he threw it among the dogs, who were still in a state of great excitement, and, to the astonishment of all present, it suddenly jumped upon its legs, and ran away so fast that it baffled all its pursuers."

The sagacity of the rat in eluding danger is not less than his craftiness in dealing with it when it comes. A gentleman, Mr. Jesse relates, who fed his own pointers, observed through a hole in the door a number of rats eating from the trough with his dogs, who did not attempt to molest them. Resolving to shoot the intruders, he next day put in the food, but kept out the dogs. Not a rat came to taste. He saw them peering from their holes, but they were too well versed in human nature to venture forth without the protection of their canine guard. After half an hour the pointers were let in, when the rats forthwith joined their hosts, and dined with them as usual. If it comes to the worst, and the rat is driven to bay, he will fight with admirable resolution. A good-sized sewer-rat has been known to daunt for a moment the most courageous bull terrier, advancing towards him with tail erect, and inflicting wounds of the most desperate nature. The bite of any rat is severe, and that of a sewer-rat so highly dangerous that valuable dogs are rarely allowed by their masters to fight them. The garbage on which they live poisons their teeth, and renders the wounds they make deadly. Even with his great natural enemy and superior—the ferret—he will sometimes get the advantage by his steady bravery and the superiority of his tactics. Mr. Jesse de-

scribes an encounter of the kind, the circumstances of which were related to him by a medical gentleman at Kingston :

" Being greatly surprised that the ferret, an animal of such slow locomotive powers, should be so destructive to the rat tribe, he determined to bring both these animals fairly into the arena, in order to judge of their respective powers ; and having selected a fine, large, and full-grown male rat and also an equally strong buck ferret, which had been accustomed to hunt rats, my friend, accompanied by his son, turned these two animals loose in a room without furniture, in which there was but one window. Immediately upon being liberated the rat ran round the room as if searching for an exit. Not finding any means of escape, he uttered a piercing shriek, and with the most prompt decision took up his station directly under the light, thus gaining over his adversary (to use the language of other duellists) *the advantage of the sun*. The ferret now erected his head, sniffed about, and began fearlessly to push his way towards the spot where the scent of his game was the strongest, facing the light in full front and preparing himself with avidity to seize upon his prey. No sooner, however, had he approached within two feet of his watchful foe, than the rat, again uttering a loud cry, rushed at him with violence and inflicted a severe wound on the head and neck, which was soon shown by the blood which flowed from it ; the ferret seemed astonished at the attack and retreated with evident discomfiture ; while the rat, instead of following up the advantage he had gained, instantly withdrew to his former station under the window. The ferret soon recovered the shock he had sustained, and, erecting his head, once more took the field. This second rencontre was in all its progress and results an exact repetition of the former—with this exception, that, on the rush of the rat to the conflict, the ferret appeared more collected, and evidently showed an inclination to get a firm hold of his enemy ; the strength of the rat, however, was very great, and he again succeeded not only in avoiding the deadly embrace of the ferret, but also in inflicting another severe wound on his neck and head. The rat a second time returned to his retreat under the window, and the ferret seemed less anxious to renew the conflict. These attacks were resumed at intervals for nearly two hours, all ending in the failure of the ferret, who was evidently fighting to a disadvantage from the light falling full on his eye whenever he approached the rat, who wisely kept his ground and never for a moment lost sight of the advantage he had

gained. In order to prove whether the choice of this position depended upon accident, my friend managed to dislodge the rat, and took his own station under the window ; but the moment the ferret attempted to make his approach, the rat, evidently aware of the advantage he had lost, endeavored to creep between my friend's legs, thus losing his natural fear of man under the danger which awaited him from his more deadly foe."

Driven from his defensive position, the rat continued his attacks, but with an evident loss of courage, and the ferret ultimately came to the death-grapple with his crafty antagonist. A similar battle was witnessed by a friend, with the difference that the rat, being undisturbed in his advantageous position with regard to the light, finally beat off the ferret, which was absolutely bitten into shreds over the head and muzzle. The repetition of the same conduct by a second animal shows that this particular species of cunning is a general faculty of the tribe. The main superiority of the ferret is in his retaining his hold when once he has fastened on his prey, sucking his life's blood the while, whereas the rats fight by a succession of single bites, which wound but do not destroy. The snake prevails by his venom. Mrs. Lee relates the particulars of a combat in Africa in which rat and snake repeatedly closed and bit at one another, separating after each assault, and gathering up strength for a fresh attack. At length the rat fell, foamed at the mouth, swelled to a great size, and died in a few minutes.*

If he can be savage when self-protection requires, he also has his softer moments, in which he shows confidence in man almost as strong as that exhibited by the dog or cat. An old blind rat, on whose head the snows of many winters had gathered, was in the habit of sitting beside our own kitchen fire with all the comfortable look of his enemy, the cat, and such a favorite had he become

* A native in India, observing one day a rat run across the floor, stooped to look after it. While in this position he suddenly felt something tugging him back by his hair, and on putting up his hand found a large cobra struggling to free his teeth from his locks. The reptile had also observed the rat, and had dropped from the roof, when the peon suddenly interposed his person between the hunter and his prey. The snake and the rat escaped ; but the magistrate of the district, having ordered the house to be pulled down the next day, the cobra was found with the rat half digested in his stomach.

with the servants that he was never allowed to be disturbed. He unhappily fell a victim to the sudden spring of a strange cat. A close observation of these animals entirely conquers the antipathy which is entertained towards them. Their sharp and handsome heads, their bright eyes, their intelligent look, their sleek skins, are the very reverse of repulsive, and there is positive attraction in the beautiful manner in which they sit licking their paws and washing their faces, an occupation in which they pass a considerable portion of their time. The writer on rats in "Bentley's Miscellany" relates an anecdote of a tame rat, which shows that he is capable of serving his master as well as of passing a passive existence under his protection. The animal belonged to the driver of a London omnibus, who caught him as he was removing some hay. He was spared because he had the good luck to be piebald, became remarkably tame, and grew attached to the children. At night he exhibited a sense of the enjoyment of security and warmth by stretching himself out at full length on the rug before the fire, and on cold nights, after the fire was extinguished, he would creep into his master's bed. In the daytime, however, his owner utilized him. At the word of command, "Come along, Ikey," he would jump into the ample great-coat pocket, from which he was transferred to the boot of the omnibus. Here his business was to guard the driver's dinner, and, if any person attempted to make free with it, the rat would fly at them from out the straw. There was one dish alone of which he was an inefficient protector. He could never resist plum-pudding, and, though he kept off all other intruders, he ate his fill of it himself. These are by no means extraordinary instances of the amiable side of rat nature when kindly treated by man, and we could fill pages with similar relations. But it seems, in addition to his other merits, that he possesses dramatic genius. We have heard of military fleas, we have seen Jacko perform his miserable imitation of humanity on the top of a barrel-organ, but who ever heard of a rat's turn for tragedy? Nevertheless a Belgian newspaper not long since published an account of a theatrical performance by a troop of rats, which gives us a higher idea of their intellectual nature than any thing else which is recorded of

them. This novel company of players were dressed in the garb of men and women, walked on their hind legs, and mimicked with ludicrous exactness many of the ordinary stage effects. On one point only were they intractable. Like the young lady in the fable, who turned to a cat the moment a mouse appeared, they forgot their parts, their audience, and their manager, at the sight of the viands which were introduced in the course of the piece, and, dropping on all fours, fell to with all the native voracity of their race. The performance was concluded by their hanging in triumph their enemy the cat, and dancing round her body.

The rat, as we have said, has many enemies; the weasel, the pole-cat, the otter, the dog, the cat, and the snake hunt him remorselessly all over the world. Man, however, is his most relentless and destructive enemy. In some places he is killed for food, as in China, where dried split rats are sold as a dainty. The *chiffonniers* of Paris feed on them without reluctance. Nor is rat-pie altogether obsolete in our own country. The gipsies continue to eat such as are caught in stacks and barns, and a distinguished surgeon of our time frequently had them served up at his table. They feed chiefly upon grain; and it is merely the repulsive idea which attaches to this animal under every form that causes it to be rejected by the same man who esteems the lobster, the crab, and the shrimp a delicacy, although he knows that they are the scavengers of the sea. They were not always so nice in the navy. An old captain in her Majesty's service informs us that on one occasion, when returning from India, the vessel was infested with rats, which made great ravages among the biscuit. Jack, to compensate for his lost provisions, had all the spoilers he could kill put into pies, and considered them an extraordinary delicacy. At the siege of Malta, when the French were hard pressed, rats fetched a dollar apiece; but the famished garrison marked their sense of the excellence of those which were delicately fed by offering a double price for every one caught in a granary. Man directs his hostility against the rat, however, chiefly because he considers him a nuisance; and the gin and poison, cold iron and the bowl, a dismal alternative, are accordingly presented to him; with the former he is not so

easily caught, and will never enter a trap or touch a gin in which any of his kind have frotted and rubbed. Poison is a more effectual method, but it is not always safe. Rats which have been beguiled into partaking of arsenic instantly make for the water to quench their intolerable thirst, and, though they usually withdraw from the house, they may resort in their agony to an in-door cistern, and remain there to pollute it.* The writer who calls himself "Uncle James," and who, for a reason that will shortly appear, is exceedingly anxious to impress the public with the belief that the best mode of getting rid of the rat is to hunt him with terriers, states that a dairy-farmer in Limerick poisoned his calves and pigs by giving them the skim-milk at which rats had drunk when under the pangs produced by arsenic. One mode of clearing them out of a house is either to singe the hair of a devoted rat, or else to dip his hind-quarters into tar, and then turn him loose, when the whole community will take their leave for a while; but this is only a temporary expedient, and in the interim the offenders are left to multiply, and perchance transfer their ravages to another part of the domain where they are equally mischievous. The same objection applies to the remedy of pounding the common dog's-tongue, when gathered in full sap, and laying it in their haunts. They retire only to return. The Germans turn the rat himself into a police-officer to warn off his burglarious brethren. Dr. Shaw, in his General Zoology, states that a gentleman who travelled through Mecklenburg about thirty years ago saw one at a post-house with a bell about its neck, which the landlord assured him had frightened away the whole of the "whiskered vermin" which previously infested the place. Mr. Neele says that at Bangkok, the Siamese capital, the people are in the habit of keeping tame rats, which walk about the room, and crawl up the legs of the inmates, who pet them as they would a dog. They are

caught young, and, attaining a monstrous size by good feeding, take the place of our cats, and entirely free the house of their own kind. But the most effectual and in the end the cheapest remedy is an expert rat-catcher. Cunning as an experienced old rat becomes, he is invariably checkmated when man fairly tries a game of skill with him. The well-trained professor of the art, who by long habit has grown familiar with his adversary's haunts and tactics, his hopes and fears, his partialities and antipathies, will clear out a house or a farmyard, where a novice would merely catch a few unwary adventurers and put the rest upon their guard. The majority of the world have, happily for themselves, a better office, and the regular practitioner might justly address the amateur in much the same words that the musician employed to Frederick the Great, when the royal flute-player was expecting to be complimented on his performance: "It would be a discredit to your Majesty to play as well as I."

"Uncle James," however, is of a different opinion. This author considers that every man should be his own rat-catcher, which he evidently believes to be the most improving, dignified, and fascinating calling under the sun, as he considers rats themselves to be the crying evil of the day, second only in his estimation to the grand injustice of the old corn-law. Indeed we cannot see from his own premises how the evil can be second to any great destructive principle, earthquakes included. He takes a single pair of rats, and proves satisfactorily that in three years, if undisturbed, they will have thirteen litters of eight each at a birth, and that the young will begin littering again when six months old: by this calculation he increases the original pair at the end of three years to six hundred and fifty-six thousand eight hundred and eight. Calculating that ten rats eat as much in one day as a man, which we think is rather under than over the fact, the consumption of these rats would be equal "to that of sixty-four thousand six hundred and eight men the year round, and leave eight rats in the year to spare." Now, if a couple of rats could occasion such devastation in three years after the original pair marched out of the ark, how comes it that the descendants of the myriads which ages ago co-existed

* A single dead rat beneath a floor will render a room uninhabitable. A financier of European celebrity found his drawing-room intolerable. He supposed that the drains were out of order, and went to a great expense to remedy the evil. The annoyance continued, and a rat-catcher guessed the cause of the mischief. On pulling up the boards a dead rat was discovered near the bell-wire. The bell had been rung as he was passing, and the crank had caught and strangled him.

among us have not eaten up the earth and the fullness thereof? Uncle James conveniently forgets that animals do not multiply according to arithmetical progression, but simply in proportion to the food provided for them. He must not however be expected to be wiser than Malthus on the subject of animal reproduction, and he has the additional incentive to error, that he evidently paints up his horrors for an artful purpose. There can be no sort of doubt that he has several well-bred terriers to dispose of, and hence the following panacea for all the evils which afflict society.

"A dog, to be of sound service, ought to be of six to thirteen pounds weight; over that they become too unwieldy. I would also recommend above all others the London rat-killing terrier: he is as hard as steel, courageous as a lion, and as handsome as a racehorse! [Uncle James is a Londoner of course.] Let the farmers in each parish meet and pass resolutions calling upon their representatives in parliament to take the tax off rat-killing dogs. Let them devise plans for procuring some well-bred terriers and ferrets, and spread the young ones about among their men. Let there be a reward offered of so much per head for dead rats, and let there be one person in each parish appointed to pay for the same. Rats are valuable for manure; let there be a pit in each locality, and let this man stick up an announcement every week, in some conspicuous place, as to the number of rats killed, and by whom. Then, what will be the result? Why, a spirit of emulation will rise up among the villagers, and they will be ransacking every hole and corner for rats. Thus will a tone of cheerful enterprise, activity, and pleasantry come in among them, 'with a fund of conversation;' and instead of that crawling, dogged monotony which characterizes their general gait and manner, they will meet their employers and go to their labor with joyous steps and smiling countenances."

The coming man, so long expected, is it seems the rat-catcher. Here is manure multiplied, agriculture improved, food hus-

banded, a smiling, enlightened, and conversible peasantry—and all the result of rat-catching. But a difficulty has been overlooked. When the entire population is converted into rat-catchers, rats must shortly, like the dodo, be extinct. For a while we shall become an exporting country, but this resource must fail us at last, and England's glory will expire with its rats. Then once more we shall have a sullen, silent, discontented peasantry; "their fund of conversation" will be exhausted, or at best the villagers will be reduced to talk with a sigh of the golden age, never to be renewed, when the country enjoyed the unspeakable blessing of rat-catching. In short, we fear that Uncle James has been so exclusively devoted to the science of rat-catching, that he has neglected to cultivate the inferior art of reasoning; but, interested as we suspect it to be, we join in his commendation of the virtues of the terrier. The expedition with which a clever dog will put his victims out of their misery is such that a terrier not four pounds in weight has killed four hundred rats within two hours. By this we may estimate the destruction dealt to the race by that nimble animal, "hard as steel, courageous as a lion, and handsome as a race-horse." A custom has sprung up within the last twenty years of watching these dogs worry rats in a pit, and there are private arenas of the kind where our fair countrywomen, leaning over the cushioned circle, will witness with admiration the cleverness of their husbands' or brothers' terriers. "Uncle James" might commend their taste, and think the sport calculated to furnish them with "a fund of conversation, and a spirit of cheerful enterprise and pleasantry;" but except the fact had proved it to be otherwise, we should have supposed that there was not an educated man in Great Britain who would not have been shocked at this novel propensity of English ladies.

Mrs. SIGOURNEY'S *Past Meridian* is mellow with the hues of Autumn. There is throughout its pages the richness and ripeness of harvest home, the purple basket of the gathered vintage, the shimmering of the golden sheaves upon the reaped fields. But there is also the chill on the air; the occasional gusts from the cold north, or the keen northwest; and there is the sound of the dry leaves shivering down in the wind through the thin-clad branches, and settling

themselves upon the brown earth beneath, ready for the white snows of Winter. And yet the book is cheery amid its sadness, and bracing withal in its mental atmosphere, as if strong with the courage of one who could look Winter in the face without fear; and who knows how to enjoy this world truly, because her best hopes are already fixed upon a better.—*Church Journal*.

From The Boston Journal.

THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.

THE monopoly of trading privileges enjoyed by this company over several millions of square miles of territory is beginning to excite the attention of the people of Canada, who feel that such a gigantic monopoly in close proximity to their own dominion is detrimental to their interests, and will become increasingly so. The approaching expiration of the lease which the Company hold of a portion of British possessions in North America, with the fact that the home Government have had it under consideration to form a penal settlement in a portion of the Hudson's Bay territory, has brought the subject prominently before the Canadian public, and efforts are making to prevent a renewal of the lease by the Company and secure a removal of their chartered restrictions. The subject has been taken up in the papers, and, as we learn from the Toronto correspondent of the New York Commercial, a meeting of the Toronto Board of Trade was recently held for the special purpose of considering the matter. At this meeting much interesting information was developed in regard to the extent and characteristics of the territories held by the company. Mr. Allan Macdonald, who has given the subject much attention for several years, stated that the Hudson's Bay territories comprised four millions of square miles, including several vast regions as large as Canada in extent, and not inferior to her in soil and in all the requisites for forming a nation. He contended that the whole of that country was properly Canada, having been conveyed by France to England as such in 1763. The Company now exclusively occupy it, prohibiting immigration and agriculture and every attempt to improve it. The Company's sales in London in March last amounted to £450,000. Mr. Macdonald contended that the company had no title to the exclusive rights and privileges of the fur trade which they now claim.

As an evidence of the undeveloped riches of large tracts of the territory held by the company, it was stated that in the valley of the Saskatchewan there exist vast beds of coal; there is there in fact one of the greatest coal fields in the world, and a navigable river runs through it, affording every facility for inland navigation and the employ-

ment of steamers. Then Hudson's Bay itself lies in the heart of the country, presenting with its straits three thousand miles of seacoast. It is only three hundred miles from Lake Superior, and abounds in whales and fish of every description. The object which Mr. Macdonald and others had in view, he said, was to open up this country and claim it as properly Canadian.

Mr. Macdonald said that gold in great quantities was found on Vancouver's Island. He had in his possession a specimen of gold quartz from Gov. Douglass' own garden. He had a specimen also from Queen Charlotte's Island, and it was reported that the company had bribed a man to silence who had found the same metal on the Red river, knowing that so soon as the tide of emigration should set into that region their trade and power were gone. In the Red river settlement the season commenced to be severe about the first of November. Farming operations began about the 1st of May. He believed meteorological tables would show that the climate at Red river was not severer than at Toronto, taking the mean temperature of the whole year. Snow only lay in the wooded valleys. In the prairies it was so thin that the buffaloes did not migrate south, but grazed on them the whole winter.

Capt. Kennedy, a native of the Hudson's Bay territory, and who has spent thirteen years in the service of the corporation, said the Hudson's Bay Company held the country under two titles, one portion being chartered territory and the other licensed territory, the latter under a lease for twenty-five years, expiring in 1859. On the Labrador coast of the territory, where he had lived for eight years, porpoises were so abundant that they can be caught by thousands; small whales are also to be captured, and seal-skins and other furs can be got in abundance. Coal and plumbago abound in Hogarth's Inlet, so much so that they can be picked up on the seashore. Reindeer are so numerous that, with a party of twelve, he (Capt. K.) killed 216 in two hours. He had seen ten or twelve thousand of them at one time. The fur trade he considers a secondary matter. The entire country, extending north 400 miles from the boundary, is capable of the same cultivation that is now carried on in Canada—particularly flax, tal-

low and hides, which now have to be imported, can just as easily be raised on these prairies. The land is as fertile as it can possibly be.

At the close of the meeting the Board passed resolutions declaring that the claim of the Hudson's Bay Company to exclusive right of trade over this territory is in contravention of the rights of the people of British North America, and also providing for a memorial to the Canadian Parliament on the subject.

We are not surprised that the Canadian people are agitating for a removal of the restrictions which the monopoly of the Hudson's Bay Company now maintains over such a vast extent of valuable territory as that above described, even though that territory may not be so magnificent in its resources and productions as they seem to believe. The day for such gigantic monopolies has gone by. They are contrary to the spirit of the age, and belong to the narrow-minded commercial policy of the past. Monopolies are a serious drawback to public prosperity wherever they are established. Especially is this true where their selfish grasp is extended, as in this instance, over a wide extent of the earth which abounds in the materials necessary for supporting millions of the human race, who are thus in a great measure cut off from reaping the riches which God has created for them. This patent of the Hudson's Bay Company has as yet, probably, effected little harm in checking the settlement of Northern America. The territory has hardly been needed for the immediate purposes of civilization, but the time is now fast approaching when it will be required to meet the wants of an increasing emigration from the over-peopled nations of Europe. The time has therefore come when all restrictions upon settlement, trade, fishing, hunting, &c., should be removed and those extensive regions thrown open to the enterprise, industry, and skill of all who choose to enter them.

DEBATE IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Mr. Labouchere then rose, pursuant to notice, to move for a "Select Committee to consider the state of those British Possessions in North America which are under the administration of the Hudson's Bay Company, or over which they possess a license to

trade." The territory which came under the terms of his notice, he said, included large tracts of land little fitted for industrial pursuits, and large tracts which were fitted for the use of civilized man, and he thought he could show that motives of policy and humanity of no ordinary magnitude were involved in the question. He would not go into the history of the territories. The bloodshed and confusion arising under the divided rule of the Hudson's Bay and North-western Companies were well known. These two Companies at length amalgamated under the title of the Hudson's Bay Company, and at present possessed almost exclusive administration over the country extending from Hudson's Bay to the Pacific, and including Vancouver's Island. Under their first charter, of the year 1670, the Company claimed to possess rights over the important territory comprised in what was called Rupert's Land. Some years ago their title to this territory was called in question, but was confirmed by the then law officers of the Crown, who, however, recommended an appeal to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, which, however, was not attended to. The rights of the Company over Rupert's Land had then never been disproved. But the trade of this Company extended to the more important Territory of British Oregon, held under a royal license for 21 years, expiring in 1859, and to Vancouver's Island, which they held under a lease granted for 11 years, which also expired in 1859. The Company had demanded, with justice, to learn whether these licenses would be renewed, as it took time to reduce the operations of such a Company. Under these circumstances he had thought it right, before taking any steps, to ask the opinion of the House of Commons upon the question. Of course, over so extensive a tract of country, instances of oppression were to be found; they were, in fact, inevitable; but, on the whole, the Hudson's Bay Company has been desirous of promoting, and they had promoted, the welfare of the native tribes of red men, still comprising a population of 300,000; and they had restrained, as far as possible everywhere, and away from the borders entirely, the destructive sale of ardent spirits among them. As a preliminary to the present motion, he had communicated on the subject with the Governor of Canada; and he had reason to believe that the Committee would have the advantage of hearing evidence from that colony.

Mr. Roebuck thought the Hudson's Bay Company, as a fur company, must necessarily be opposed to colonization. The trapper desired to continue the solitudes for the sake

of the wild animals producing the fur; the settler always drove these animals before him. According to Gibbon, immense forests and wild animals prevailed in Gaul and Germany during the dominion of the Romans. These had vanished before civilization and cultivation; and the same result was open to North America. The latitude of Quebec was that of Italy; and the clearing of forests and drainage of morasses would make the British possessions in North America equally fertile with the most favored parts of Europe. He trusted then that the country would be colonized, and that it might form a kind of counterpoise to the excessive growth of the United States. But the Hudson's Bay Company cultivated wildernesses and peltry; its objection to keep up the wilderness for the sake of its skins and furs. The object of England should be to break up the wilderness and to fill the country, not with foxes and beavers and peltry animals, but with men. He would like to see an act passed to deprive the Company of its privileges.

Mr. Adderley contended that inquiry was not needed. Colonization of the Hudson's Bay Territories was inevitable; and if England did not colonize it the United States would. The interest of the Hudson's Bay Company was to prevent colonization. As to their charter, whatever might be said in its favor, it would be upset by the natural rights of man. It was absurd to say that, either by charter or by legislation, a great continent should be shut up in order to promote the growth of furs. The growth of furs and the growth of colonization were incompatible, and the former must give way. A Committee would do one good; it would place on record the fact that the Territory was totally unfit for a penal colony.

Mr. Ellice, jr., asked what form of Government was to be substituted for the rule of the Hudson's Bay Company, should that company be released from the care of the native population. Their government was peculiar, and adapted to the peculiar habits and wants of that population. Granting that a fur company had nothing to do with colonization, and that nothing but necessity could justify their being placed in the situation of governors, still, colonies had grown up under the care of the company,—Red River, for instance, possessing a colony of 7,000 persons. Geographically, the territory of the Hudson's Bay Company was more nearly allied to the United States than to Canada. If the charter of the company was intrinsically good for nothing, still it had lasted for 200 years; it had been recognized by the Government and by the British House of Commons as a convenience, and

the Company, should their charter not be renewed, had a fair claim on the consideration of the British Legislature. Vancouver's Island was peculiarly adapted for colonization; and the company had undertaken to colonize it on the part of the Government. The select Committee would elicit valuable information on an important subject.

Mr. Gladstone rejoiced that this topic had been introduced to the notice of the House of Commons by his right honorable friend, the Secretary for the Colonies. So far from blaming the Hudson's Bay Company for having taken advantage of the powers which we had been improvident enough to leave in their hands, it was a scandal to the House of Commons that it had not before considered, with the seriousness it required, the large portion of the globe which was, or purported to be, under the dominion of the Hudson's Bay Company. Supposing the result of the appointment of the Committee to be a recommendation to withdraw from the Company the power it now possessed, doubtless the Company would be liberally dealt with. But there were two questions bearing on this subject to which he must advert; one was the legality of the charter; the second, the expediency of continuing the powers and privileges of the Company. As to the legality of the title of the Company, that Company was established by a charter of Charles II. in 1670, which purported to confer on the Company a power of government almost absolute, and a trade which was exclusive. But there was a condition attached to the grant—that it should prosecute the discovery of a new passage to the South Sea. That condition had never been performed by the Company, although they had ever since retained their privileges. But the legality of the charter was, it appeared, questioned by the Legislature. In 1690, an act of Parliament was passed reciting the various powers which had been granted and demitted by the charter, "or had been mentioned to be granted and demitted," and then confirming the powers and privileges of the charter. But the duration of the act itself was limited to seven years [Hear, hear]. On the second question, the expediency of intrusting to a Company like the Hudson's Bay Company, or in fact to any company, the exclusive government of this vast territory, it appeared to him to be an abnegation, a renunciation, by England, of a great duty, when she consented to lock up from the energy of her children so large a portion of her empire. He supported the motion for a reference of the subject to a select Committee.

Mr. Henley rejoiced to find the change which had come over the spirit of the nation, as exhibited in the absence of the sanctity

which formerly attached to "musty records."

Mr. Laing, in correction of some statements made in the course of the debate, observed that that portion of the territories of the Hudson's Bay Company which lies westward of the Rocky Mountains had a favorable climate and a productive soil, and that this was particularly the case in that portion of it which lay westward of Canada. In confirmation of this he mentioned that the tide of emigration in the United States lay at present toward the neighboring Territory of Minnesota. And, as the only mode of averting a conflict between England and the United States, which might arise from the States emigrants overstepping the borders and squatting in our territory, he strongly urged the annexation with Canada of the territories of the Hudson's Bay Company.

After some remarks from Mr. H. Baillie and Mr. G. Butt, Mr. Labouchere replied, and the motion was agreed to.

To the Editor of the North American:—

The last London papers contain the report of an important debate in the House of Commons, on a question of great interest to this country, and particularly to the commerce and industrial pursuits of the northern States. It occurred on a motion to refer the questions now started in regard to the possession the Hudson's Bay Company holds in British America, to a select committee; the point of these being whether the vast areas so held shall be open to colonization, or whether they shall remain the preserves of fur-bearing animals and their Indian hunters.

The general tone of the debate is remarkably liberal, and if it expresses the sense of the government, as it appears to do, the control of that Company will soon cease over all the country west of the Rocky Mountains, with Vancouver's Island, at least as soon as the expiration of their lease term in 1859. And if this takes place, it can hardly be doubted that they will then release the great and rich tracts of Selkirk's colony, and the Sarkatchewan plains—an area which Lord Selkirk, fifty years since, pronounced capable of sustaining 'thirty millions of British subjects.' Mr. Labouchere, in introducing the motion, took moderate but decided ground in favor of terminating the jurisdiction of the Company in 1859, and Mr. Roebuck and Mr. Gladstone took the same ground in much stronger terms. Only one speaker advocated the present possession, and he is a party in interest in the Company.

A few years hence it will appear incred-

ible that the vast and fertile areas of North-western America should have remained until this time unoccupied and almost unknown, affording, as they do, scope for a hundred-fold more energy and enterprise, and room for a vastly more numerous population, than the tropical and desert regions into which both England and the United States have been throwing men and money at a fearful rate of loss. The most salubrious climates are on the west of the continent, and in relatively high latitudes; yet all the area here corresponding to France, Germany, the Baltic countries, and British Islands, is but hunted for paltry furs, when its area, climate, and capacity are scarcely less than these areas of Europe.

In this debate Mr. Roebuck said that Gaul and Germany had once a climate identical with the present climate of Canada, and he claimed that cultivation would equally ameliorate the Canadian severity. This is clearly an error. Three hundred years of observation of the closing and opening of the great northern rivers of the Baltic, show not a fraction of a day of change in their average periods, and a hundred and twenty years of thermometric observation at Berlin, and again in the north of Holland, also show no change. There are other and ample proofs that the climate of the north of Europe has not changed in the historic period; yet Mr. Roebuck's parallel was perfectly correct in regard to the vast areas west of the lakes in the interior and beyond the Rocky Mountains. Though the north of Canada yet affords scope for extending settlements over plains like those of Central Russia, yet the plains of the Buffalo range, which border the Rocky Mountains at the east as far northward as Fort Simpson, on Mackenzie's river, are very far superior in climate, mild enough for vines and corn to the 53d parallel, and for wheat nearly to the 60th. Beyond the mountains the cool and humid climates prevail over the western slope and coasts, and heavy forests grow on the remote Yukon river, at the 66th parallel, longitude 147 degrees west. Though there are many sharp mountain ranges, and much of the surface is rough, the whole area reaches five hundred thousand square miles of this general character, exclusive of the great and rich islands of Vancouver and Queen Charlotte. The enthusiasm of some of the participants in this debate is but a partial expression of what should be a joint interest of both countries. Mr. Roebuck's idea of limiting and "checking the predominance of the United States" by this colonization may be passed over as simply absurd, and unworthy the age. The most gigantic resources that may be devel-

oped in British America will but aid every possible interest we have, and will injure none.

It is, however, a matter of some regret that the splendid island of Vancouver was so recently within our reach and lost. It is not inferior to England in climate, or in soil, as far as known, though much of the surface may be rough. As a commercial entre, it has a future of great importance, and, with the adjacent coasts of both countries, it presents a nobler field for enterprise than all other parts of the world under colonization now. If the laws of population and of civil and commercial development have the same force here as elsewhere, the northern limit of our own territory in the West is to be the line of greatest activity—a line above the arid regions—the deserts and basins of the latitudes below the Oregon route. Along this northern border we have at least one line of States; and one member of Parliament referred with great force to the fact, that the railroads of Wisconsin and Minnesota, those pointing to British territories of the northwest, even now paid best, and showed clearly the line along which this enginery of progress was to be projected across the continent. A country rich in all natural resources, and of a mild and beautiful climate, lies above our boundary. It was said, in the debate referred to, that this was "as large as Europe," and such it is, indeed. The actual area of Europe, above the 49th parallel, which is inhabited and cultivated, is scarcely greater than the like geographical position here, though the proportion of mountainous surface is here greater. The high and formidable character of the coast ranges here does most to injure the climate and capacity of the interior, yet, were this fully allowed for, its equivalent will not be found to be the difference belonging to two degrees of latitude.

As a purely scientific result, the remarkable amelioration of climate in going west from the Lake district, has long attracted the writer's attention, and though at first cautiously received, under the prevalent view that the American climate was by many degrees cooler than that of Europe on the whole, the evidences have now so far accumulated as to establish a general correspondence of the two continents, at like latitudes, and in like geographical positions. The west coasts of each correspond, as do the interior areas and the eastern coasts. The vine climates at the south, the cool and equable climates at the 50th parallel, and the high temperature, but excessive rains, of the latitudes above 53 deg., which belong to the west of Europe, in succession from Spain to Norway, belong also to the west of North

America, from southern California to Sitka, in Russian America.

It is a favorable opening of the British American interest on this great subject to find a debate like that just transpired, and to find but one advocate of the exclusive privileges so common to British colonial policy, and so tenacious of their hold when once in power. Canada is moving energetically in the matter, also, having sent special delegates to advocate their claim as against the Hudson's Bay Company to territorial jurisdiction. It is a subject of the highest importance to every city and every enterprise in the North; at least, the most direct, successful, and expansive trade possible is soon to open with the wheat-growing plains of the Upper Missouri, Minnesota, and British America. Minnesota shows at what rate of advancement this occupation is to go; and the area, almost identical in soil, climate, and capacity, stretching northwestward, would make nearly six States of limits as great as those just given—Minnesota. It is remarked by the Morning Chronicle that the entire area that may be called valuable is near 3,000,000 square miles, "a tract forty times larger than England;" and it is well said that "the range of investigation proposed for the Committee is something stupendous."

Such is a portion of the territory accessible now to the enterprise of both nations, and the debate referred to shows that a strong feeling, and an appreciation generally adequate, exists among those who control the British government. To receive the greater benefits of all this new occupation, we have only to call such attention to the subject here as will plant settlements and construct railroads along our own portion, and to incite enterprises which British settlements will reward as liberally almost as our own settlement would. The climate, which is more than any thing else controlling, since a cultivable soil invariably attends the moderate climates, is far milder than will now be believed. The isothermal lines for every part of the year rise rapidly in latitude west of the great lakes, the parallel of conditions for the cultivable season going northwestward, instead of westward, to the very borders of the Pacific.

Respectfully, **LORIN BLODGET.**
Philadelphia, February 26th.

From the North American.

It is known to most of our readers that the Hudson's Bay Company possesses almost exclusive authority over that vast tract of country which stretches from the waters of Hudson's Bay to the Pacific Ocean, includ-

ing also Vancouver's Island. This company was chartered in 1670, by Charles II. At first its progress was extremely slow, and its profits proportionally small. It had long to contend with a powerful rival in the Northwest Company, until all competition was destroyed by the absorption of the latter in the former. By the original charter, important rights were granted over Prince Rupert's Land, which was described as lying on the borders of the rivers that flow into Hudson's Bay. But about nineteen years since, the right of prosecuting the fur trade over the far more valuable region west of the Rocky Mountains was conferred by royal license for the period of twenty-one years. Vancouver's Island is held by a somewhat different tenure; and its privileges may be terminated at any time by giving a year's notice, and are necessarily terminable in 1859.

As might be expected, a company so powerful as the Hudson's Bay, and wielding authority over so large a portion of the British possessions, has attracted from time to time no little attention, both in this country and Great Britain; and especially has this been the case of late years, when emigration movements have been so conspicuous, and constant search is made for new sites on which to place colonies. It is obvious that the interests of the Hudson's Bay Company are against any settlement of its country. Its object is not to extend the area of civilization, and increase the number of men, but rather to multiply bears, wolves, foxes, and marten; and hence, though much of the region occupied by it is possessed of a fertile soil, mineral wealth, productive fisheries, abundant resources, and a much milder climate than is generally supposed, it still remains a wilderness, over which is scattered the posts of the Company, with their twelve hundred employees—principally Scotchmen.

It would appear, however, that the long vested rights of the company are to be in some way interfered with. Its directors in London lately applied to the British government to learn whether their licence, which expires in 1859, will be renewed. Mr. Labouchere, on the part of the government, has laid the whole subject before Parliament; and it seems probable that the affairs of the company will have a thorough examination, and it is not unlikely, either, that

a long mooted question respecting the legality of the charter of Charles II. will likewise be determined. In the debate that ensued on Mr. Labouchere's statement, it was easy to be seen by the remarks that fell from Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Roebuck, and others, that the tide set against the Company, and that the prevailing feeling was that the territory belonging to the British Crown in North America should either be attached to the Canadas or erected into a separate colony. It was justly observed that a country capable of sustaining its millions in plenty and happiness was given up to wild animals, Indians, and hunters, in order that a few might enjoy the profits derived from the fur trade; for there is scarcely any settlement worthy of notice in this portion of the British possessions, if that on the Red River be excepted, which numbers about 10,000 persons, principally half-breeds. We are sorry to add that no very friendly feeling seemed to be evinced to the United States by one of the speakers at least—Mr. Roebuck. With this gentleman, one of the main reasons for giving to British America a colonial and representative government is to check what he considers the encroachments of the United States, and to raise on the western continent a power that may counterbalance the colossal republic of the new world. There is danger, he thinks, if some measure of this kind be not taken, that the subjects of her majesty, revolting from the control of the Hudson's Bay Company, may set up for themselves and seek admission into the Union.

Unlike Mr. Roebuck, the people of this country have no jealousy respecting the British possessions in the north, and the sooner the country is settled and the more flourishing the condition of the population, the better for us. Canada already contributes much to the advantage of the States bordering on the great lakes, and we must be certain to come in for a share of any of the profits that may accrue by converting the sullen wilderness that lies north and west of this province into a region of populousness, the seat of civilization and industry. As for the political status of British America, we have nothing to fear on that head. The United States may well smile at all attempts to counterbalance its influence on this continent, by raising up any American

power to stand on the same footing with it. Still, the subject may not be altogether unworthy of attention—especially as Vancouver's Island and the Pacific coast of British America, which is known to possess a mild and equable climate, is named as the seat of a colony, and as a point from which the new trade springing up in the Pacific might be influenced. But on the whole we would consider an extension of the settlements of Canada through the wilderness of which we speak, a matter of congratulation, second only to an increase in our own population. There is nothing to be apprehended—it would be a subject of rejoicing—that beyond our northern frontier, and far away towards the realms of eternal winter, there extended a people not dissimilar from us in race; speaking the same language, having the same traditions, religion, and laws; and drawing from the pursuits of honest industry, sturdy independence, or even wealth and luxury.

From The Evening Post.

ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROTECTION AND IMPROVEMENT OF THE ABORIGINES OF THIS CONTINENT.

MR. EDITOR,—This subject is worthy of especial notice at the present time. Already millions are claimed for a war scarcely yet over, and which will certainly be renewed with claims for millions more, unless a stop is put to the cruel aggressions of our border settlers upon the Indian tribes. A late Oregon paper says that "Gen. Wool has made a treaty, but the people of Oregon are as much at war with Indians as ever;" and the writer of this often heard the avowal, when in the Territory last summer, "That, treaty or no treaty, we will shoot Indians." This feeling can only be checked by a strong and general expression of the moral sentiment of the public against it. Let those who plead with such zeal and success in behalf of freedom in Kansas, realize that the Indians are persecuted by the same class, and for the same purpose, as were the free-state men in that territory. Let the fact be known that the Indians did not combine for aggressive war, but for self-protection—for mere existence. Let it be known that, judging from the past, there is nothing to hope from churches or government appointments. The Indians have been so often

deceived that it is unreasonable to expect their confidence in treaties or missionaries, unless accompanied with more certainty of practical good than hitherto presented to them. For it is a fact not to be denied, that the tendencies of all the arrangements in reference to the tribes on the Pacific have been to robbery and annihilation; and yet the general government, and some of the local agents, and many of the citizens in Oregon and California, have desired a different result. But these could do next to nothing, when the whole press of Oregon Territory was urging a war of extermination, and denouncing those who plead for humanity and justice. Even the *Pacific Christian Advocate and Journal* refused to publish any thing in behalf of the Indians, or those who plead in their behalf, "fearing a mob would tear down their premises were they to do so." At the same time this religious paper scrupled not to give currency to exciting and exaggerated reports calculated to stir up and keep alive the mad spirit of war against a poor people who had no press and no pleader.

The *Sentinel*, published in Rogue River Valley, and the only paper in Southern Oregon, whose chief editor was a prominent pillar in the church, did its utmost to keep up the angry and excited passions of a terrified people against a few starving Indians, who desired only peace and protection; and because the writer desired the insertion of a plea in their behalf, he was denounced in the strongest terms. Indignation meetings were got up, and his letters sent to the post-office were opened, carried round amongst his opponents to produce excitement—so that he was warned by friends to fly for life.

And because Joel Palmer, Superintendent of the Indian Department in Oregon, did what his position and humanity demanded, to collect and save the scattered tribes from their persecutors, he was denounced by the Territorial government, and a memorial was sent to the President of the United States to have him removed; in consequence the poor Indians were deprived of the sympathy and counsel of the only-public officer in whom they had confidence.

It is on this account that the condition of the tribes demands some appropriate means, to prevent their continued spoliation.

If extra efforts were necessary to preserve

the rights of the freemen of Kansas, they are equally necessary to preserve the rights of the native tribes of the territory. There are now over five thousand hemmed in as prisoners, cut off from communication with the rest of the world at the risk of life. It cannot be that, under such circumstances, these people can be comfortable or progress in civilization. They may be fed with fine bread and beef and pork, with coffee and tobacco, or any thing else, and undoubtedly this will help to make a cash market for farmers, merchants, and speculators in Oregon; but these alone are not the means and motives for development. These want men, and women, and children, with sympathy and interest, to plan and work with them, to make home attractive by friendship and the adornments of beauty, peace, and love, clustering around the social circle. But the following, which is taken from the *Oregonian*, shows the predominant spirit by which the Indians are surrounded; at the same time the necessity of a general expression of sentiment on the subject:

"GENERAL WOOL AND THE PEOPLE.—The people of Oregon City and other points had great rejoicings on the reception of the rumor that General Wool was to be superseded by General Harney. Cannons were fired, bon-fires lighted, and a general rejoicing of citizens of the upper Wallemet Valley. It is not certain that he has been superseded; but the expression of the people is conclusive evidence the feeling is general, for his imbecile course in this war. The women even partake of this spirit, and we learn that they contemplate making a silk petticoat and night-cap, trimmed with gold lace, to present him when he comes to Oregon."

Will the people of the United States allow of this published indignity, without rebuke, against an honored veteran of forty years in the army, simply because he refused to engage the national forces, in concert with excited and misguided men, to destroy a poor people for whom honor, humanity, and interest demanded protection and redress? Surely not. Let thousands speak. Let an association be formed, then Indian difficulties will cease, and the races may grow together in peace and harmony. JOHN BEESON,

15 Lighthouse Street, New York.

PROPOSED FINAL ARCTIC SEARCH.

To the Editor of the Times:

SIR,—Having read, during a short absence from London, the article in your journal of the 27th on the proposal to make a final search for the relics of the Franklin expedition, in which my name is mentioned, I beg to call your attention to the real object of the persons with whom I am associated in recommending this project to the consideration of Her Majesty's Government.

As a full explanation of our views is given in the memorial presented last summer to the First Minister of the Crown, I earnestly hope you will do me the favor to print that document, a copy of which is now inclosed. If this request should be complied with, your readers will then see the broad distinction between the wished for restricted search, and all former expeditions sent in pursuit of our missing countrymen, in none of which, however, it may be observed, did any loss of life occur among the numerous officers employed, save in the case of poor young Bellet.

In short, as we now know precisely where to go, and also that the voyage along the coast of the mainland of North America has been successfully made to and fro by Captain Collinson in a sailing ship (*i. e.*, to within a short distance of the circumscribed track to be examined by exploring parties), and further, as this distinguished Arctic officer pledges his reputation that he can with much greater facility take thither a large screw vessel and bring her safely back, I trust the public will be induced to think that my friends and self have not advocated a visionary scheme which might lead to indefinite researches.

I remain, Sir, your very obedient servant,
RODERICK I. MURCHISON.

Belgrave-square, Nov. 29.

"TO THE RIGHT HON. VISCOUNT PALMERSTON,
G. C. B.

"London, June 5, 1856.

"Impressed with the belief that Her Majesty's missing ships, the *Erebus* and *Terror*, or their remains, are still frozen up at no great distance from the spot whence certain relics of Sir John Franklin and his crews were obtained by Dr. Rae,—we, whose names are undersigned, whether men

of science and others who have taken a deep interest in Arctic discovery, or explorers who have been employed in the search for our lost countrymen, we beg earnestly to impress upon your Lordship the desirableness of sending out an expedition to satisfy the honor of our country and clear up a mystery which has excited the sympathy of the civilized world.

"This request is supported by many persons well versed in Arctic surveys, who, seeing that the proposed expedition is to be directed to one limited area only, are of opinion that the object is attainable, and with little risk.

"We can scarcely believe that the British Government, which to its great credit has made so many efforts in various directions to discover even the route pursued by Franklin, should cease to prosecute research, now that the locality has been clearly indicated where the vessels or their remains must lie—including, as we hope, records which will throw fresh light on Arctic geography, and dispel the obscurity in which the voyage and fate of our countrymen are still involved.

"Although most persons have arrived at the conclusion that there can now be no survivors of Franklin's expedition, yet there are eminent men in our own country and in America who hold a contrary opinion. Dr. Kane, of the United States, for example, who has distinguished himself by pushing further to the north in search of Franklin than any other individual, and to whom the Royal Geographical Society has recently awarded its founder's gold medals, thus speaks (in a letter to the benevolent Mr. Grinnell)—'I am really in doubt as to the preservation of human life. I well know how glad I would have been, had my duty to others permitted me, to have taken refuge among the Esquimaux of Smith Strait and Etah Bay. Strange as it may seem to you, we regarded the coarse life of these people with eyes of envy, and did not doubt but that we could have lived in comfort upon their resources. It required all my powers, moral and physical, to prevent my men from deserting to the Walrus settlements; and it was my final intention to have taken to Esquimaux life, had not Providence carried us through in our hazardous escape.'

"But, passing from speculation, and confining ourselves alone to the question of finding the missing ships or their records, we would observe that no land expedition down the Back River like that which, with great difficulty, recently reached Montreal Island, can satisfactorily accomplish the end we have in view. The frail birch bark canoes in which Mr. Anderson conducted his search with so much ability, the dangers of the

river, the sterile nature of the tract near its embouchure, and the necessary failure of provisions, prevented the commencement, even, of such a search as can alone be satisfactorily and thoroughly accomplished by the crew of a man-of-war—to say nothing of the moral influence of a strong armed party remaining in the vicinity of the spot until the confidence of the natives be obtained.

"Many Arctic explorers, independent of those whose names are appended, and who are absent on service, have expressed their belief that there are several routes by which a screw vessel could so closely approach the area in question as to clear up all doubt.

"In respect to one of these courses, or that by Behring Strait, along the coast of North America, we know that a single sailing vessel passed to Cambridge Bay within 150 miles of the mouth of the Back River and returned home unscathed, its commander having expressed his conviction that the passage in question is so constantly open that ships can navigate it without difficulty in one season. Other routes, whether by Regent Inlet, Peel Sound, or across from Repulse Bay, are preferred by officers whose experience in Arctic matters entitles them to every consideration, while, in reference to two of these routes, it is right to state that vast quantities of provisions have been left in their vicinity.

"Without venturing to suggest which of these plans should be adopted, we earnestly beg your Lordship to sanction without delay such an expedition as, in the judgment of a committee of Arctic voyagers and geographers, may be considered best adapted to secure the object.

"We would ask your Lordship to reflect upon the great difference between a clearly-defined voyage to a narrow and circumscribed area, within which the missing vessels or their remains must lie, and those former necessarily tentative explorations in various directions, the frequent allusions to the difficulty of which, in regions far to the north of the voyage now contemplated, have led persons unacquainted with geography to suppose that such a modified and limited attempt as that which we propose involves further risk, and may call for future researches. The very nature of the former expeditions exposed them, it is true, to risk, since regions had to be traversed which were totally unknown, while the search we ask for is to be directed to a circumscribed area, the confines of which have already been reached without difficulty by one of Her Majesty's vessels.

"Now, inasmuch as France, after repeated fruitless efforts to ascertain the fate of La

Perouse, no sooner heard of the discovery of some relics of that eminent navigator than she sent out a searching expedition to collect every fragment pertaining to his vessels, so we trust that those Arctic researches which have reflected much honor upon our country may not be abandoned at the very moment when an explanation of the wanderings and fate of our lost navigators seems to be within our grasp.

"In conclusion, we further earnestly pray that it may not be left to the efforts of individuals of another and kindred nation, already so distinguished in this cause, nor yet to the noble-minded widow of our lamented friend, to make an endeavor which can be so much more effectually carried out by the British Government.

"We have the honor to be, &c.,

"F. BEAUFORT, R. I. MURCHISON, F. W. BEECHY, WROTTESLEY, E. SABINE, EGERTON ELLESMERE, W. WHEWELL, R. COLLINSON, W. H. SYKES, C. DAUBENEY, J. FERGUS, P. E. DE STERLECKI, W. H. SMYTH, A. MAJENDIE, R. FITZROY, E. G. FISHBOURNE, ROBERT BROWN, G. MACARTNEY, L. HORNER, W. H. FILTON, LYON PLAYFAIR, T. THORP, C. WHEATSTONE, W. J. HOOKER, J. D. HOOKER, J. ARROWSMITH, P. LA TROBE, W. A. B. HAMILTON, R. STEPHENSON, J. E. PORTLOCK, C. PIAZZI SMYTH, C. W. PASLEY, G. RENNIE, J. P. GASSIOT, G. B. AIREY, JOHN F. BURGONYE."

"The following officers of the Royal Navy, who have been employed in the search after Franklin, and who are now absent from London, have previously expressed themselves to be favorable to the final search above recommended: Commodore Kellett; Captains Sir James Ross, Sir E. Belcher, Austin, Bird, Ommanney, Sir Robert M'Clure, Sherard Osborn, Inglefield, Maguire, M'Clintock, and Richards; Commanders Aldrich, Mechem, Trollope, and Cresswell; Lieutenants Hamilton and Pim."

LADY FRANKLIN TO VISCT. PALMERSTON.

We have been favored with a copy of the following letter from Lady Franklin to Viscount Palmerston, urging the sending out of another Arctic expedition, to ascertain the fate, and recover the remains, of her husband's expedition. This letter has been printed for private circulation in England, but not published.

60, Pall Mall, December 2, 1856.

"MY LORD,—I trust I may be permitted, as the widow of Sir John Franklin, to draw the attention of Her Majesty's Government

to the unsettled state of a question which a few months ago was under their consideration, and to express a well-grounded hope that a final effort may be made to ascertain the fate and recover the remains of my husband's expedition.

"Your Lordship will allow me to remind you that a Memorial with this object in view (of which I inclose a printed copy) was early in June last presented to, and kindly received by, you. It had been signed within forty-eight hours by all the leading men of science then in London who had an opportunity of seeing it, and might have received an indefinite augmentation of worthy names, had not the urgency of the question forbidden delay. To the above names were appended those of all the Arctic officers who had been personally engaged in the search, and who, though absent, were known to be favorable to another effort for its completion. And though that united application obtained no immediate result, it was felt, and by no one more strongly than myself, that it never could be utterly wasted.

"I venture also to allude to a letter of my own, addressed to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty in April last, and a copy of which accompanied, I believe, the Memorial to your Lordship, wherein I earnestly deprecated any premature adjudication of the reward claimed by Dr. Rae, on the ground that the fate of my husband's expedition was not yet ascertained, and that it was due both to the living and the dead to complete a search which had been hitherto pursued under the greatest disadvantage, for want of the clue which was now for the first time in our hands.

"The Memorial above alluded to, and my own letter of earlier date, had not yet received any reply when, in the month of July, the Lords of the Admiralty caused prompt inquiries to be made as to the possibility of equipping a ship at that advanced season, in time for effective operations in the field of search. The result was that it was pronounced to be too late, and the subject was dismissed for that season.

"Upon this I addressed a letter to the Board (of which I take the liberty to enclose a copy), respectfully showing that, by this unfortunate delay, the opportunity had also been taken from me of sending out a vessel at my own cost, a measure which I had previously felt myself obliged to state to their Lordships would be the alternative of any adverse decision on their part. I pleaded, therefore, as the only remedy for the loss of an entire summer season, that the route by Behring Straits was, by some of the most competent Arctic officers, considered

preferable to the eastern route, and that the equipment of a vessel for this direction need not take place before the close of the year.

"In reply, their Lordships caused me to be informed that 'they had come to the decision not to send any expedition to the Arctic regions in the present year.'

"This communication, however, was in answer merely to my own letter. The Memorialists had as yet received no reply, and accordingly the President of the Royal Society put a question respecting the Memorial in the House of Lords at the close of the session, which drew from one of Her Majesty's Ministers (Lord Stanley), after some preliminary observations, the assurance that Her Majesty's Government would give the subject their serious consideration during the recess. I may be permitted to add, that, in the conversation which followed, Lord Stanley expressed himself as very favorably disposed towards a proposition made to him by Lord Wrottesley, that, in the event of there being no Government expedition, I should be assisted in fitting out my own expedition; an assurance which Lord Wrottesley had the kindness to communicate to me by letter.

"But, my Lord, as nothing has occurred within the last few months to weaken the reasons which induced the Admiralty, early in July last, to contemplate another final effort, and as they put it aside at that time on the sole ground that it was too late to equip a vessel for that season, I trust it will be felt that I am not endeavoring to re-open a closed question, but merely to obtain the settlement of one which has not ceased to be, and is even now, under favorable consideration. The time has arrived, however, when I trust I may be pardoned for pressing your Lordship, with whom I believe the question rests, for a decision, since, by further delay, even my own efforts may be paralyzed.

"I have cherished the hope, in common with others, that we were not waiting in vain. Should, however, that decision unfortunately throw upon me the responsibility and the cost of sending out a vessel myself, I beg to assure your Lordship that I shall not shrink, either from that weighty responsibility, or from the sacrifice of my entire available fortune for the purpose, supported as I am in my convictions by such high authorities as those whose opinions are on record in your Lordship's hands, and by the hearty sympathy of many more.

"But, before I take upon myself so heavy an obligation, it is my bounden duty to entreat Her Majesty's Government not to disregard the arguments which have led so many competent and honorable men to feel

that our country's honor is not satisfied, whilst a mystery which has excited the sympathy of the civilized world remains unclear. Nor less would I entreat you to consider what must be the unsatisfactory consequences, if any endeavors should be made to quench all further efforts for this object.

"It cannot be that this long vexed question would thereby be set at rest, for it would still be true that in a certain circumscribed area within the Arctic circle, approachable alike from the east and from the west, and sure to be attained by a combination of both movements, lies the solution of our unhappy countrymen's fate. While such is the case, the question will never die. I believe that again and again would efforts be made to reach that spot, and that the Government could not look on as unconcerned spectators, nor be relieved in public opinion of the responsibility they had prematurely cast off.

"But I refrain from pursuing this argument, though, if any illustration were wanting of its truth, I think it might be found in the events that are passing before our eyes.

"It is now about two years ago since one of Her Majesty's Arctic ships was abandoned in the ice. In due time this ship floated away, was picked up by an American whaler, carried into an American port, and (all property in her having been relinquished by the Admiralty) was purchased of her rescuers by the American Government, by whom she has been lavishly re-equipped, and is now on her passage to England, a free gift to Her Majesty the Queen. The 'Resolute' is about to be delivered up in Portsmouth harbor, not merely in evidence of the cordial relation existing between the two countries, but as a lively token of the deep interest and sympathy of the Americans in that great cause of humanity in which they have so nobly borne their part. The resolution of Congress expressly states this motive, and indeed there could be no other, as it is well known that for any purpose but the Arctic service those expensive equipments would be perfectly useless and require removal.

"My Lord, you will not let this rescued and restored ship, emblematic of so many enlightened and generous sentiments, fail, even partially, in her significant mission. I venture to hope that she will be accepted in the spirit in which she is sent. I humbly trust that the American people, and especially that philanthropic citizen who has spent so largely of his private fortune in the search for the lost ships, and to whom was committed by his Government the entire charge

of the equipment of the 'Resolute,' will be rewarded for this signal act of sympathy, by seeing her restored to her original vocation, so that she may bring back from the Arctic seas, if not some living remnant of our long-lost countrymen, yet at least the proofs that they have nobly perished.

"I need not add that we have as yet no proofs, whatever may be our melancholy forebodings. That such is the fact, in a legal point of view, is shown by a case now or lately pending in the Scotch courts, in which the right of succession to a considerable property is not admitted, on account of the absence of all but conjectural testimony. In this aspect of the question, I have no personal interest, but it is one that may not be deemed unworthy of your Lordship's attention, combined as it must be with the fact that our most experienced Arctic officers are willing to stake their reputation upon the feasibility of reaching the spot where so many secrets lie buried, if only they are supplied with the adequate means.

"It would be a waste of words to attempt to refute again the main objections that have been urged against a renewed search, as involving extraordinary danger and risking life. The safe return of our officers and men cannot be denied, neither will it be disputed that each succeeding year diminishes the risk of casualty, and, indeed, I feel it would be especially superfluous and unreasonable to argue against this particular objection, or against the financial one which generally accompanies it, at a moment when new expeditions for the glorious interests of science, and which every true lover of science and of his country must rejoice in, are contemplated for the interior of Africa, and other parts which are far less favorable to human life than the icy regions of the north.

"But, with respect to expenditure, I may perhaps be allowed, as I have alluded to that topic, again to call to your Lordship's attention that the 'Resolute' is ready equipped for Arctic service by the munificence of another nation, and to add that other Arctic ships, equally well fitted for the purpose, are lying useless in Her Majesty's dockyards, along with accumulated Arctic stores brought back by the late expeditions, and therefore long since included in the navy estimates; and which, besides, are available only for Arctic service, and if sold would be bought at only nominal prices. In addition to the above sources of supply are those already existing on the Arctic shores, which are now studded with depots of provisions and fuel, left from the last and former expeditions, and fit as ever for use, because of the conservative properties of the climate.

"But, even were the expenditure greater than can thus reasonably be expected, I submit to your Lordship that this is a case of no ordinary exigency. These 135 men of the 'Erebus' and 'Terror' (or perhaps I should rather say the greater part of them, since we do not yet know that there are no survivors) have laid down their lives after sufferings doubtless of unexampled severity, in the service of their country, as truly as if they had perished by the rifle, the cannon-ball, or the bayonet. Nay, more, by attaining the northern and already surveyed coast of America, it is clear that they solved the problem which was the object of their labors, or, in the beautiful words of Sir John Richardson, that 'they forged the last link of the Northwest passage with their lives.'

"Surely, then, I may plead for such men, that a careful search be made for any possible survivor, that the bones of the dead be sought for and gathered together, that their buried records be unearthed, or recovered from the hands of the Esquimaux, and above all, that their last written words, so precious to their bereaved families and friends, be saved from destruction. A mission so sacred is worthy of a Government which has grudging and spared nothing for its heroic soldiers and sailors in other fields of warfare, and will surely be approved by our Gracious Queen, who overlooks none of Her loyal subjects suffering and dying for their country's honor.

"This final and exhausting search is all I seek in behalf of the first and only martyrs to Arctic discovery in modern times, and it is all I ever intend to ask.

"But if, notwithstanding all I have presumed to urge, Her Majesty's Government decline to complete the work they have carried up to this critical moment, but leave it to private hands to finish, I must then respectfully request that measure of assistance in behalf of my own expedition which I have been led to expect on the authority of Lord Stanley, as communicated to me by Lord Wrottesley, and on that of the First Lord of the Admiralty, as communicated to Colonel Phipps in a letter in my possession.

"It is with no desire to avert from myself the sacrifice of my own funds, which I devote without reserve to the object in view, that I plead for a liberal interpretation of those communications; but I owe it to the conscientious and high-minded Arctic officers who have generously offered me their services, that my expedition should be made as efficient as possible, however restricted it may be in extent. The Admiralty, I feel sure, will not deny me what may be necessary for this purpose, since if I do all I can with my

own means, any deficiencies and shortcomings of a private expedition cannot, I think, be justly laid to my charge.

"In conclusion, I would earnestly entreat of Her Majesty's Government, while this subject is still under deliberation, that they would be pleased to obtain the opinions of those persons who, in consequence of their practical knowledge and vast experience, may be considered best qualified to express them in the present emergency. And, as it must be in the ranks of those officers who would naturally be selected for command of any final expedition that these qualifications will most assuredly be found, I trust I may be pardoned for directing your Lordship's attention to the names (which I put down in the order of their seniority) of Captains Collinson, Richards, McClintock, Maguire, and Osborn. All these officers have passed winter after winter in Arctic service, have carried out those skilful sledge operations which have added so much to our knowledge of Arctic geography, and have ever, in the exercise of combined courage and discretion, avoided disaster, and brought home their crews in health and safety.

"I commit the prayer of this letter, for the length of which I beg much to apologize, to your Lordship's patient and kind consideration, feeling assured that however the burden of it may fall upon the ear of some, who apparently judge of it neither by the heart nor by the head, you will not on that, or on any light ground, hastily dismiss it. Rather may you be impelled to feel that the shortest and surest way to set the importunate question at rest, is to submit it to that final investigation which will satisfy the yearnings of surviving relatives and friends, and, what is justly of higher import to your Lordship, the credit and honor of the country.

"I have the honor to be, &c.,

"JANE FRANKLIN.

"The Right Hon. Viscount Palmerston, K.G."

From The Spectator, Feb. 7.

THE FINAL ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

THAT another expedition will be sent to search for the remains of Sir John Franklin and his party, we have never doubted; the only question is, whether it shall be sent at the exclusive charge of Lady Franklin and her friends, and whether this country shall repudiate its responsibility towards its lost sons. If Lady Franklin could address herself to the British people face to face, they would be ashamed to hang back. If they do refuse, they must refuse through the Government, in fact through Lord Palmerston; and that he can maintain his refusal after

the letter addressed to him by Lady Franklin more than a month ago, and now published as a pamphlet,* we do not believe.

The state of the question is indeed critical. In the summer of 1856, a host of scientific gentlemen besought the Government to send out an expedition. This movement produced no substantial result at that time. The Admiralty, indeed, considered the question, and inquired, but arrived at the conclusion that it was "to late" to think of equipping a ship for that season. Subsequently, as we collect from Lady Franklin's Letter, Lord Stanley of Alderley told Lord Wrottesley that he took a favorable view of a proposition made by Lady Franklin, that if Government sent no expedition, she should be assisted in fitting out her own. But nothing was done. On the 2nd of December last, Lady Franklin made the new and direct appeal to Lord Palmerston; urging him, by a variety of arguments, either to send out an expedition or to give her the promised aid.

The Government seems tacitly to presume that the question is closed: but the question is *not* closed; and that is one reason why Lady Franklin has solemnly protested against any premature adjudication of the reward claimed by Dr. Rae. The thing wanted now is, not "one more" search, but a final search. The abiding reasons for such a search are manifold. Government has used only a dilatory plea, disgraceful if intended to cover a point-blank refusal, but really constituting a promise that an expedition should be sent out this season. The sympathy shown by the Americans proves that *their* opinion, in concurrence with that of our scientific men, is favorable to a new expedition. In the Resolute, which they have so magnificently sent back to England in a state of perfect equipment, there is a vessel ready for the purpose; other Arctic ships are lying useless in her Majesty's dockyards; there, too, lie accumulated Arctic stores, brought back by the

* "A Letter to Viscount Palmerston, K. G., from Lady Franklin. With an Appendix." Published by Mr. Ridgway.

In a note, Lady Franklin says—"The following letter, not originally intended for circulation, is now published at a critical moment" (after reference to Lord Palmerston), in the hope of engaging such a degree of sympathy in the subject of it as may come in aid of favorable dispositions in her Majesty's Government."

late expedition; and there are supplies in the caches and depots already existing on the Arctic shores. Thus a large part of the expenditure is already met. The route to the spot where a search would be requisite is already known. In the words of a letter from Dr. Kane to Mr. Grinnell, the munificent American who has already contributed so largely, the space to be searched is narrow, and it is accessible equally from the East and the West. Within that narrow and circumscribed area must be the missing vessels or their remains. It is absolutely surrounded by the tracks of the searchers. To that point Dr. Rae never penetrated; to that point a new expedition would proceed at once. "By dogs, the great blessing of the Arctic traveller," says Dr. Kane, "this whole area could be scoured." There are 135 men unaccounted for. If none of them survive, there are their bones to collect, the records of their labors, the *proofs* that they have nobly perished. Even this point is of importance. The proof of death is requisite to the completeness of some social rights, as in the succession to property: the case has actually occurred in the Scotch courts of law, where, in default of proof, the right of succession to a particular property is held in suspense. It is, however, necessary to repeat Lady Franklin's observation, that she has no interest in any such question. On

the contrary, she is now prepared to lay down the whole available remainder of her fortune, if the country, to its shame, should let her. The nature of the sacrifice, therefore, is definite; a large part of the expenditure is incurred, and if it be not thus used, wasted. Let those who think only of the risk to human life reflect, that expeditions are already contemplated for the interior of Africa, and other parts, which, as we know from past experience, "are far less favorable to life than the icy regions of the North."

"This final and exhausting search," says Lady Franklin with touching importunity, "is all I seek in behalf of the first and only martyrs to Arctic discovery in modern times; and it is all I ever intend to ask." Candidates are not wanting to lead and aid the expedition personally. Among those candidates, Lady Franklin mentions, in the order of their seniority, the illustrious names of Collinson, Richards, M'Clintock, Maguire, and Osborn. There appears, therefore, to be no excuse. The plain, business-like, eloquent, and affecting appeal of Lady Franklin can scarcely be made in vain, to a gentleman like Lord Palmerston, commanding as he does the vast resources of this country, acting as he does on behalf of a generous sovereign and people.

A SINGULAR CASE.—On Sunday last, Drs. Freeman and Perry, of Saratoga, amputated the leg of a Mr. Smith, a resident of that village. The cause for the amputation was the actual death of the limb. Mr. S., who is a laboring man of industrious and temperate habits, some six weeks since, while walking, was seized with a sudden pain in the leg, about half way from the knee to the ankle, and immediately all sensation or feeling below the region of the pain ceased. The look and color of the skin, and to the touch, was that of a dead body, and all life or animation below, midway from the knee to the ankle, was entirely eradicated. The above physicians attended the sufferer, and used all the skill and ingenuity known to the medical profession to restore the circulation, but to no avail. The individual had previously enjoyed good health, and the cause for so sudden and singular a result could not be accounted for. Circumstances of palsied or paralyzed limbs are of frequent occurrence, but that of the *death* of a limb, we understand, was never before known to the medical faculty. That the limb was actually *dead* is shown from the fact that decomposition had set in, and it was found necessary to amputate the limb to

prevent mortification. The leg was taken off above the knee.—*Albany Argus.*

LIQUID STONE.—A Mr. Hardinge, of New York, has patented the manufacture of what he not very correctly calls "liquid stone." Quartz rock is roasted, and then made friable in cold water. It is then pulverized, and thrown into a peculiar steam-tight cauldron, containing caustic lye. Here it is acted upon by steam heat and the chemical solvent, and brought to a state of solution. When this solved silicate is applied to any substance, its water of solution evaporates, leaving a coat of crystal glass. In fact, it seems to be mainly a silicate of potash or soda, such as was known and made centuries since. (See "Salmon's Polygraphies" on "liquor or oil of flints.") Quartz rock, and sand, or flint, are almost convertible terms for siliceous, and this, when roasted and calcined, can readily with potash form a soluble silicate, which in aqueous solution has an oily or gummy aspect, and was hence, of old, called "oil of flints," and sometimes "oil of crystals," quartz or siliceous having been formerly called "crystals."

CHAPTER THE TENTH.—A COUNCIL OF THREE.

On the morning after the departure of Mrs. Jazeph, the news that she had been sent away from the Tiger's Head by Mr. Frankland's directions, reached the doctor's residence from the inn, just as he was sitting down to breakfast. Finding that the report of the nurse's dismissal was not accompanied by any satisfactory explanation of the cause of it, Mr. Orridge refused to believe that her attendance on Mrs. Frankland had really ceased. However, although he declined to credit the news, he was so far disturbed by it that he finished his breakfast in a hurry, and went to pay his morning visit at the Tiger's Head, nearly two hours before the time at which he usually attended on his patient.

On his way to the inn, he was met and stopped by the one waiter attached to the establishment. "I was just bringing you a message from Mr. Frankland, sir," said the man. "He wants to see you as soon as possible."

"Is it true that Mrs. Frankland's nurse was sent away last night, by Mr. Frankland's order?" asked Mr. Orridge.

"Quite true, sir," answered the waiter.

The doctor colored and looked seriously discomposed. One of the most precious things we have about us—especially if we happen to belong to the medical profession—is our dignity. It struck Mr. Orridge that he ought to have been consulted before a nurse of his recommending was dismissed from her situation at a moment's notice. Was Mr. Frankland presuming upon his position as a gentleman of fortune? It was impossible to decide that question as yet; but the mere act of considering it exercised an undermining influence on the conservative foundations of Mr. Orridge's principles. The power of wealth may do much with impunity, but it is not privileged to offer any practical contradictions to a man's good opinion of himself. Never had the doctor thought more disrespectfully of rank and riches; never had he been conscious of reflecting on republican principles with such absolute impartiality, as when he now followed the waiter in sullen silence to Mr. Frankland's room.

"Who is that?" asked Leonard, when he heard the door open.

"Mr. Orridge, sir," said the waiter.

"Good-morning," said Mr. Orridge, with self-asserting abruptness and familiarity.

Mr. Frankland was sitting in an arm-chair, with his legs crossed. Mr. Orridge carefully selected another arm-chair, and crossed his legs on the model of Mr. Frankland's, the moment he sat down. Mr. Frankland's hands were in the pockets of his dressing-gown. Mr. Orridge had no pockets, except in his coat-tails, which he could not conveniently get at; but he put his thumbs into the arm-holes of his waistcoat, and asserted himself against the easy insolence of wealth, in that way. It made no difference to him—so curiously narrow is the range of a man's perceptions when he is insisting on his own importance—that Mr. Frankland was blind, and consequently incapable of being impressed by the independence of his bearing. Mr. Orridge's own dignity was vindicated in Mr. Orridge's own presence; and that was enough.

"I am glad you have come so early, doctor," said Mr. Frankland. "A very unpleasant thing happened here last night. I was obliged to send the new nurse away at a moment's notice."

"Were you, indeed?" said Mr. Orridge, defensively matching Mr. Frankland's composure, by an assumption of the completest indifference. "Aha! were you, indeed?"

"If there had been time to send and consult you, of course I should have been only too glad to have done so," continued Leonard. "But it was impossible to hesitate. We were all alarmed by a loud ringing of my wife's bell; I was taken up to her room, and found her in a condition of the most violent agitation and alarm. She told me she had been dreadfully frightened by the new nurse; declared her conviction that the woman was not in her right senses; and entreated that I would get her out of the house with as little delay and as little harshness as possible. Under these circumstances, what could I do? I may seem to have been wanting in consideration towards you, in proceeding on my own sole responsibility; but Mrs. Frankland was in such a state of excitement that I could not tell what might be the consequence of opposing her, or of venturing on any delays; and after the difficulty had been got over, she would not hear

of your being disturbed by a summons to the inn. I am sure you will understand this explanation, doctor, in the spirit in which I offer it?"

Mr. Orridge began to look a little confused. His solid substructure of independence was softening and sinking from under him. He found himself thinking—no, not exactly thinking, but the next thing to it—of the cultivated manners of the wealthy classes; his thumbs slipped mechanically out of the arm-holes of his waistcoat; and, before he well knew what he was about, he was stammering his way through all the choicest intricacies of a complimentary and respectful reply.

"You will naturally be anxious to know what the new nurse said, or did, to frighten my wife so," pursued Mr. Frankland. "I can tell you nothing in detail; for Mrs. Frankland was in such a state of nervous dread last night that I was really afraid of asking for any explanations; and I have purposely waited to make inquiries this morning, until you could come here and accompany me up-stairs. You kindly took so much trouble to secure this unlucky woman's attendance, that you have a right to hear all that can be alleged against her, now she has been sent away. Considering all things, Mrs. Frankland is not so ill this morning as I was afraid she would be. She expects to see you with me; and, if you will kindly give me your arm, we will go up to her immediately."

Mr. Orridge uncrossed his legs, rose in a great hurry, and even went the length, instinctively, of making a bow. Let it not be imagined that he compromised his independence, while he acted in this way, by reflecting on rich men in a too hasty spirit of approval. When he mechanically committed himself to a bow, forgetting at the moment that Mr. Frankland was incapable of appreciating that act of homage, he was only thinking, in the most unmercenary and abstract way, of Blood,—of the breeding it brought with it,—of the inscrutable value that it gave to words which would sound quite simple and commonplace in the mouths of ordinary people. Mr. Orridge was possessed—and it is due to him to record the fact—of most of the virtues of his species, especially of that widely-spread virtue which preserves people from allowing

their opinions to be seriously influenced by personal considerations. We all have our faults; but it is, at least, consolatory to think how very few of our dearest friends—to say nothing of ourselves—are ever guilty of such weakness as that!

On entering Mrs. Frankland's room, the doctor saw, at a glance, that she had been altered for the worse by the events of the past evening. He remarked that the smile with which she greeted her husband was the faintest and saddest he had seen on her face. Her eyes looked dim and weary, her skin was dry, her pulse was irregular. It was plain that she had passed a wakeful night, and that her mind was not at ease. She dismissed the inquiries of her medical attendant as briefly as possible, and led the conversation immediately, of her own accord, to the subject of Mrs. Jazeph.

"I suppose you have heard what has happened," she said, addressing Mr. Orridge. "I can't tell you how grieved I am about it. My conduct must look in your eyes, as well as in the eyes of the poor, unfortunate nurse, the conduct of a capricious, unfeeling woman. I am ready to cry with sorrow and vexation, when I remember how thoughtless I was, and how little courage I showed. O, Lenny, it is dreadful to hurt the feelings of anybody—but to have pained that unhappy, helpless woman, as we pained her, to have made her cry so bitterly, to have caused her such humiliation and wretchedness—"

"My dear Rosamond," interposed Mr. Frankland, "you are lamenting effects, and forgetting causes altogether. Remember what a state of terror I found you in—there must have been some reason for that. Remember, too, how strong your conviction was, that the nurse was out of her senses. Surely you have not altered your opinion on that point, already?"

"It is that very opinion, love, that has been perplexing and worrying me all night. I can't alter it; I feel more certain than ever that there must be something wrong with the poor creature's intellect—and, yet, when I remember how good-naturedly she came here to help me; and how anxious she seemed to make herself useful, I can't help feeling ashamed of my suspicions; I can't help reproaching myself for having been the cause of her dismissal last night. Mr. Orridge, did you notice any thing in Mrs. Ja-

Joseph's face, or manner, which might lead you to doubt whether her intellects were quite as sound as they ought to be?"

"Certainly not, Mrs. Frankland—or I should never have brought her here. I should not have been astonished to hear that she was suddenly taken ill, or that she had been seized with a fit, or that some slight accident, which would have frightened nobody else, had seriously frightened her. But to be told that there is any thing approaching to derangement in her faculties, does, I own, fairly surprise me."

"Can I have been mistaken?" exclaimed Rosamond, looking confusedly and self-distrustfully from Mr. Orridge to her husband. "Lenny! Lenny! if I have been mistaken, I shall never forgive myself."

"Suppose you tell us, my dear, what led you to suspect that she was mad?" suggested Mr. Frankland.

Rosamond hesitated. "Things that are great in one's own mind," she said, "seem to get so little when they are put into words. I almost despair of making you understand what good reason I had to be frightened—and then, I am afraid, in trying to do justice to myself, that I may not do justice to the nurse."

"Tell your own story, my love, in your own way, and you will be sure to tell it properly," said Mr. Frankland.

"And pray remember," added Mr. Orridge, "that I attach no real importance to my opinion of Mrs. Joseph. I have not had time enough to form it. Your opportunities of observing her have been far more numerous than mine."

Thus encouraged, Rosamond plainly and simply related all that had happened in her room on the previous evening, up to the time when she had closed her eyes, and had heard the nurse approaching her bedside. Before repeating the extraordinary words that Mrs. Joseph had whispered into her ear, she made a pause, and looked earnestly in her husband's face.

"Why do you stop?" asked Mr. Frankland.

"I feel nervous and flurried still, Lenny, when I think of the words the nurse said to me, just before I rang the bell."

"What did she say? Was it something you would rather not repeat?"

"No! no! I am most anxious to repeat it, and to hear what you think it means. As I have just told you, Lenny, we had been talking of Porthgenna, and of my project of exploring the north rooms, as soon as I got there; and she had been asking many questions about the old house; appearing, I must say, to be unaccountably interested in it, considering she was a stranger."

"Yes?"

"Well, when when she came to the bedside, she knelt down close at my ear, and whispered all on a sudden: 'When you go to Porthgenna, keep out of the Myrtle Room!'"

Mr. Frankland started. "Is there such a room at Porthgenna?" he asked, eagerly.

"I never heard of it," said Rosamond.

"Are you sure of that?" inquired Mr. Orridge. Up to this moment the doctor had privately suspected that Mrs. Frankland must have fallen asleep soon after he left her the evening before; and that the narrative which she was now relating, with the sincerest conviction of its reality, was actually derived from nothing but a series of vivid impressions produced by a dream.

"I am certain I never heard of such a room," said Rosamond. "I left Porthgenna at five years old; and I had never heard of it then. My father often talked of the house in after years; but I am certain that he never spoke of any of the rooms by any particular names; and I can say the same of your father, Lenny, whenever I was in his company after he had bought the place. Besides, don't you remember, when the builder we sent down to survey the house wrote you that letter, he complained that there were no names of the rooms on the different keys, to guide him in opening the doors, and that he could get no information from anybody at Porthgenna on the subject? How could I ever have heard of the Myrtle Room? Who was there to tell me?"

Mr. Orridge began to look perplexed: it seemed by no means so certain that Mrs. Frankland had been dreaming, after all.

"I have thought of nothing else," said Rosamond to her husband, in low, whispering tones. "I can't get those mysterious words off my mind. Feel my heart, Lenny—it is beating quicker than usual, only with

saying them over to you. They are such very strange, startling words. What do you think they mean?"

"Who is the woman who spoke them?—that is the most important question," said Mr. Frankland.

"But why did she say the words to me? That is what I want to know—that is what I must know, if I am ever to feel easy in my mind again!"

"Gently, Mrs. Frankland, gently!" said Mr. Orridge. "For your child's sake, as well as for your own, pray try to be calm, and to look at this very mysterious event as composedly as you can. If any exertions of mine can throw light upon this strange woman and her still stranger conduct, I will not spare them. I am going to-day to her mistress' house, to see one of the children; and, depend upon it, I will manage in some way to make Mrs. Jazeph explain herself. Her mistress shall hear every word that you have told me; and, I can assure you, she is just the sort of downright, resolute woman who will insist on having the whole mystery instantly cleared up."

Rosamond's weary eyes brightened at the doctor's proposal. "O, go at once, Mr. Orridge!" she exclaimed, "go at once!"

"I have a great deal of medical work to do in the town first," said the doctor, smiling at Mrs. Frankland's impatience.

"Begin it then, without losing another instant," said Rosamond. "The baby is quite well, and I am quite well—we need not detain you a moment. And, Mr. Orridge, pray be as gentle and considerate as possible with the poor woman; and tell her that I never should have thought of sending her away, if I had not been too frightened to know what I was about. And say how sorry I am, this morning, and say——"

"My dear, if Mrs. Jazeph is really not in her right senses, what would be the use of overwhelming her with all these excuses?" interposed Mr. Frankland. "It will be more to the purpose if Mr. Orridge will kindly explain and apologize for us to her mistress."

"Go! Don't stop to talk—pray go at once!" cried Rosamond, as the doctor attempted to reply to Mr. Frankland.

"Don't be afraid; no time shall be lost," said Mr. Orridge, opening the door. "But remember, Mrs. Frankland, I shall expect

you to reward your ambassador, when he returns from his mission, by showing him that you are a little more quiet and composed than I find you this morning." With that parting hint, the doctor took his leave.

"When you go to Porthgenna, keep out of the Myrtle Room," repeated Mr. Frankland, thoughtfully. "Those are very strange words, Rosamond. Who can this woman really be? She is a perfect stranger to both of us; we were brought into contact with her by the merest accident; and we find that she knows something about our own house, of which we were both perfectly ignorant until she chose to speak!"

"But the warning, Lenny—the warning, so pointedly and mysteriously addressed to me? O, if I could only go to sleep at once, and not wake again till the doctor comes back!"

"My love, try not to count too certainly on our being enlightened, even then. The woman may refuse to explain herself to anybody."

"Don't even hint at such a disappointment as that, Lenny—or I shall be wanting to get up and go and question her myself!"

"Even if you could get up and question her, Rosamond, you might find it impossible to make her answer. She may be afraid of certain consequences which we cannot foresee; and, in that case, I can only repeat, that it is more than probable she will explain nothing—or, perhaps, still more likely that she will coolly deny her own words altogether."

"Then, Lenny, we will put them to the proof for ourselves."

"And how can we do that?"

"By continuing our journey to Porthgenna, the moment I am allowed to travel, and by leaving no stone unturned, when we get there, until we have discovered whether there is, or is not, any room in the old house that ever was known, at any time of its existence, by the name of the Myrtle Room."

"And suppose it should turn out that there is such a room?" asked Mr. Frankland, beginning to feel the influence of his wife's enthusiasm.

"If it does turn out so," said Rosamond, her voice rising, and her face lighting up with its accustomed vivacity, "how can you doubt what will happen next? Am I not a woman? And have I not been forbidden to

enter the Myrtle Room! Lenny! Lenny! Do you know so little of my half of humanity, as to doubt what I should do, the mo-

ment the room was discovered? My darling, as a matter of course, I should walk into it immediately!"

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.—ANOTHER SURPRISE.

With all the haste he could make, it was one o'clock in the afternoon before Mr. Orridge's professional avocations allowed him to set forth in his gig for Mrs. Norbury's house. He drove there with such good-will that he accomplished the half-hour's journey in twenty minutes. The footman, having heard the rapid approach of the gig, opened the hall door, the instant the horse was pulled up before it; and confronted the doctor with a smile of malicious satisfaction.

"Well," said Mr. Orridge, bursting into the hall, "you were all rather surprised, last night, when the housekeeper came back, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir, we certainly were surprised when she came back last night," answered the footman; "but we were still more surprised when she went away again, this morning."

"Went away! You don't mean to say she is gone?"

"Yes, I do, sir—she has lost her place and gone for good." The footman smiled again, as he made that reply; and the housemaid, who happened to be on her way down stairs while he was speaking, and to hear what he said, smiled too. Mrs. Jazeph had evidently been no favorite in the servants' hall.

Amazement prevented Mr. Orridge from uttering another word. Hearing no more questions asked, the footman threw open the door of the breakfast-parlor; and the doctor followed him into the room. Mrs. Norbury was sitting near the window in a rigidly upright attitude, inflexibly watching the proceedings of her invalid child over a basin of beef-tea.

"I know what you are going to talk about before you open your lips," said the outspoken lady. "But just look to the child first, and say what you have to say on that subject, if you please, before you enter on any other."

The child was examined, was pronounced to be improving rapidly, and was carried away by the nurse to lie down and rest a little. As soon as the door of the room had

closed, Mrs. Norbury abruptly addressed the doctor, interrupting him for the second time, just as he was about to speak.

"Now, Mr. Orridge," she said, "I want to tell you something at the outset. I am a remarkably just woman, and I have no quarrel with you. You are the cause of my having been treated with the most audacious insolence by three people—but you are the innocent cause, and, therefore, I don't blame you."

"I am really at a loss," Mr. Orridge began, "quite at a loss, I assure you——"

"To know what I mean?" said Mrs. Norbury. "I will soon tell you. Were you not the original cause of my sending my housekeeper to nurse Mrs. Frankland?"

Yes: Mr. Orridge could not hesitate to acknowledge that.

"Well," pursued Mrs. Norbury, "and the consequence of my sending her is, as I said before, that I am treated with unparalleled insolence by no less than three people. Mrs. Frankland takes an insolent whim into her head, and affects to be frightened by my housekeeper. Mr. Frankland shows an insolent readiness to humor that whim, and hands me back my housekeeper as if she was a bad shilling; and last and worst of all, my housekeeper herself insults me to my face, as soon as she comes back—insults me, Mr. Orridge, to that degree, that I gave her twelve hours' notice to leave the place. Don't begin to defend yourself! I know all about it; I know you had nothing to do with sending her back; I never said you had. All the mischief you have done is innocent mischief. I don't blame you remember that—whatever you do, Mr. Orridge, remember that!"

"I had no idea of defending myself," said the doctor, when he was at last allowed to speak, "for I feel as firmly convinced, on my side, as you can be on yours, Mrs. Norbury, that I am in no way to blame. I was merely about to say, that you surprise me beyond all power of expression, when you tell me that Mrs. Jazeph treated you with incivility."

"Incivility!" exclaimed Mrs. Norbury

"Don't talk about incivility—it's not the word. Impudence is the word; daring, brazen impudence. When Mrs. Jazeph came back in that fly from the Tiger's Head, she was either drunk or mad. Open your eyes as much as you please, Mr. Orridge; she was either the one or the other, or a mixture of both. You have seen her, you have talked to her—should you say she was the kind of woman to look you fiercely in the face, and contradict you flatly the moment you spoke to her?"

"I should say she was the very last woman in the world to misbehave herself in that way," answered the doctor.

"Very well. Now hear what happened when she came back, last night," said Mrs. Norbury.

"She got here just as we were going upstairs to bed. Of course I was astonished; and of course I called her into the drawing-room for an explanation. There was nothing very unnatural in that course of proceeding, I suppose? Well, I noticed that her eyes were swollen and red, and that her looks were remarkably wild and queer; but I said nothing, and waited for the explanation. All she had to tell me was, that something she had unintentionally said, or done, had frightened Mrs. Frankland, and that Mrs. Frankland's husband had sent her away on the spot. I disbelieved this at first—and very naturally, I think—but she persisted in the story, and answered all my questions by declaring that she could tell me nothing more. 'So, then,' I said, 'I am to believe that after I have inconvenienced myself by sparing you, and after you have inconvenienced yourself by undertaking the business of nurse, I am to be insulted, and you are to be insulted, by your being sent away from Mrs. Frankland on the very day when you get to her, because she chooses to take a whim into her head?'—'I never accused Mrs. Frankland of taking a whim into her head,' says Mrs. Jazeph, and stares me straight in the face, with such a look as I never saw in her eyes before, after all my five years' experience of her. 'What do you mean?' I asked, giving her back her look, I can promise you. 'Are you base enough to take the treatment you have received in the light of a favor?'—'I am just enough,' said Mrs. Jazeph, as sharp as lightning, and still with that same stare straight

at me, 'I am just enough not to blame Mrs. Frankland.'—'O, you are, are you?' I said. 'Then all I can tell you is, that I feel this insult, if you don't; and that I consider Mrs. Frankland's conduct to be the conduct of an ill-bred, impudent, capricious, unfeeling woman.' Mrs. Jazeph takes a step up to me—takes a step, I give you my word of honor—and says distinctly, in so many words, 'Mrs. Frankland is neither ill-bred, impudent, capricious, nor unfeeling.'—'Do you mean to contradict me, Mrs. Jazeph?' I asked. 'I mean to defend Mrs. Frankland from unjust imputations,' says she. Those were her words, Mr. Orridge—on my honor, as a gentlewoman, those were exactly her words."

The doctor's face expressed the blankest astonishment. Mrs. Norbury surveyed him with a look of calm triumph, and went on:

"I was in a towering passion—I don't mind confessing that, Mr. Orridge—but I kept it down. 'Mrs. Jazeph,' I said, 'this is language that I am not accustomed to, and that I certainly never expected to hear from your lips. Why you should take it on yourself to defend Mrs. Frankland for treating us both with contempt, and to contradict me for resenting it, I neither know nor care to know. But I must tell you, in plain words, that I will be spoken to by every person in my employment, from my housekeeper to my scullery-maid, with respect. I would have given warning on the spot to any other servant in this house who had behaved to me as you have behaved.'—She tried to interrupt me there, but I would not allow her. 'No,' I said, 'you are not to speak to me just yet; you are to hear me out. Any other servant, I tell you again, should have left this place to-morrow morning; but I will be more than just to you. I will give you the benefit of your five years' good conduct in my service. I will leave you the rest of the night to get cool, and to reflect on what has passed between us; and I will not expect you to make the proper apologies to me until the morning.' You see, Mr. Orridge, I was determined to act justly and kindly—I was ready to make allowances; and what do you think she said in return? 'I am willing to make any apologies, ma'am, for offending you,' she said, 'without the delay of a single minute; but, whether it is to-night, or whether it is

to-morrow morning, I cannot stand by silent when I hear Mrs. Frankland charged with acting unkindly, unceivilly, or improperly, towards me or towards any one.'—'Do you tell me that deliberately, Mrs. Jazeph?' I asked. 'I tell it you sincerely, ma'am,' she answered; 'and I am very sorry to be obliged to do so.'—'Pray don't trouble yourself to be sorry,' I said, 'for you may consider yourself no longer in my service. I will order the steward to pay you the usual month's wages instead of the month's warning, the first thing to-morrow; and I beg that you will leave the house as soon as you conveniently can, afterwards.'—'I will leave to-morrow, ma'am,' says she, 'but without troubling the steward. I beg, respectfully, and with many thanks for your past kindness, to decline taking a month's money which I have not earned by a month's service.' And, thereupon, she curtsseys and goes out. That is, word for word, what passed between us, Mr. Orridge. Explain the woman's conduct in your own way, if you can. I say that it is utterly incomprehensible, unless you agree with me that she was either not sober, or not in her right senses, when she came back to this house last night."

The doctor began to think, after what he had just heard, that Mrs. Frankland's suspicions in relation to the new nurse were not quite so unfounded as he had been at first disposed to consider them. He wisely refrained, however, from complicating matters, by giving utterance to what he thought; and, after answering Mrs. Norbury in a few vaguely polite words, endeavored to soothe her irritation against Mr. and Mrs. Frankland, by assuring her that he came as the bearer of apologies from both husband and wife, for the apparent want of courtesy and consideration in their conduct, which circumstances had made inevitable. The offended lady, however, absolutely refused to be propitiated. She rose up, and waved her hand with an air of great dignity.

"I cannot hear a word more from you, Mr. Orridge," said she. "I cannot receive any apologies which are made indirectly. If Mr. Frankland chooses to call, and if Mrs. Frankland condescends to write to me, I am willing to think no more of the matter. Under any other circumstances, I must be allowed to keep my present opinion both

of the lady and the gentleman. Don't say another word, and be so kind as to excuse me if I leave you, and go up to the nursery to see how the child is getting on. I am delighted to hear that you think her so much better. Pray, call again to-morrow, or next day, if you conveniently can. Good morning!"

Half-amused at Mrs. Norbury, half-displeased at the curt tone she adopted towards him, Mr. Orridge remained for a minute or two alone in the breakfast-parlor, feeling rather undecided about what he should do next. He was, by this time, almost as much interested in solving the mystery of Mrs. Jazeph's extraordinary conduct, as Mrs. Frankland herself; and he felt unwilling, on all accounts, to go back to the Tiger's Head, and merely repeat what Mrs. Norbury had told him, without being able to complete the narrative by informing Mr. and Mrs. Frankland of the direction that the housekeeper had taken on leaving her situation. After some pondering, he determined to question the footman, under the pretence of desiring to know if his gig was at the door. The man having answered the bell, and having reported the gig to be ready, Mr. Orridge, while crossing the hall, asked him carelessly if he knew at what time in the morning Mrs. Jazeph had left her place.

"About ten o'clock, sir," answered the footman. "When the carrier came by from the village, on his way to the station for the eleven o'clock train."

"O! I suppose he took her boxes?" said Mr. Orridge.

"And took her, too, sir," said the man with a grin. "She had to ride, for once in her life, at any rate, in a carrier's cart."

On getting back to West Winston, the doctor stopped at the station, to collect further particulars before he returned to the Tiger's Head. No trains, either up or down; happened to be due just at that time. The station-master was reading the newspaper, and the porter was gardening on the slope of the embankment.

"Is the train at eleven in the morning an up-train, or a down-train?" asked Mr. Orridge, addressing the porter.

"A down-train."

"Did many people go by it?"

The porter repeated the names of some of the inhabitants of West Winston.

"Were there no passengers but passengers from the town?" inquired the doctor.

"Yes sir. I think there was one stranger—a lady."

"Did the station-master issue the tickets for that train?"—"Yes, sir."

Mr. Orridge went on to the station-master.

"Do you remember giving a ticket, this morning, by the eleven o'clock down-train, to a lady travelling alone?"

The station-master pondered. "I have issued tickets, up and down, to half-a-dozen ladies to-day," he answered, doubtfully.

"Yes, but I am speaking only of the eleven o'clock train," said Mr. Orridge.

"Try if you can't remember."

"Remember! Stop! I do remember; I know who you mean. A lady who seemed rather flurried, and who put a question to me that I am not often asked at this station. She had her veil down, I recollect, and she got here for the eleven o'clock train. Crouch, the carrier, brought her trunk into the office."

"That is the woman. Where did she take her ticket for?"

"For Exeter."

"You said she asked you a question."

"Yes: a question about what coaches met the rail at Exeter to take travellers into Cornwall. I told her we were rather too far off here to have the correct time-table, and recommended her to apply for information to the Devonshire people, when she got to the end of her journey. She seemed a timid, helpless kind of woman to travel alone. Any thing wrong in connection with her, sir?"

"O, no! nothing," said Mr. Orridge, leaving the station-master and hastening back to his gig again.

When he drew up, a few minutes afterwards, at the door of the Tiger's Head, he jumped out of his vehicle with the confident air of a man who has done all that could be expected of him. It was easy to face Mrs. Frankland with the unsatisfactory news of Mrs. Jazeph's departure, now that he could add, on the best authority, the important supplementary information that she had gone to Cornwall.

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.—A PLOT AGAINST THE SECRET.

TOWARDS the close of the evening, on the day after Mr. Orridge's interview with Mrs. Norbury, the Druid fast coach, running through Cornwall as far as Truro, set down three inside passengers at the door of the booking-office, on arriving at its destination. Two of these passengers were an old gentleman and his daughter; the third was Mrs. Jazeph.

The father and daughter collected their luggage, and entered the hotel; the outside passengers branched off in different directions with as little delay as possible; Mrs. Jazeph alone stood irresolute on the pavement, and seemed uncertain what she should do next. When the coachman good-naturedly endeavored to assist her in arriving at a decision of some kind, by asking whether he could do any thing to help her, she started, and looked at him suspiciously; then, appearing to recollect herself, thanked him for his kindness, and inquired, with a confusion of words and a hesitation of manner which appeared very extraordinary in the coachman's eyes, whether she might be allowed to leave her trunk at the booking-office for a little while, until she could return and call for it again.

Receiving permission to leave her trunk as

long as she pleased, she crossed over the principal street of the town, ascended the pavement on the opposite side, and walked down the first turning she came to. On entering the by-street to which the turning led, she glanced back, satisfied herself that nobody was following or watching her, hastened on a few yards, and stopped again at a small shop devoted to the sale of book-cases, cabinets, work-boxes, and writing-desks. After first looking up at the letters painted over the door—BUSCHMANN, CABINET-MAKER, &c.—she peered in at the shop window. A middle-aged man, with a cheerful face, sat behind the counter, polishing a rose-wood bracket, and nodding briskly at regular intervals, as if he were humming a tune and keeping time to it with his head. Seeing no customers in the shop, Mrs. Jazeph opened the door and walked in.

As soon as she was inside, she became aware that the cheerful man behind the counter was keeping time, not to a tune of his own humming, but to a tune played by a musical box. The clear ringing notes came from a parlor behind the shop, and the air the box was playing was the lovely "Batti, Batti," of Mozart.

"Is Mr. Buschmann at home?" asked Mrs. Jazeph.

"Yes, ma'am," said the cheerful man, pointing with a smile towards the door that led into the parlor. "The music answers for him. Whenever Mr. Buschmann's box is playing, Mr. Buschmann himself is not far off from it. Did you wish to see him, ma'am?"

"If there is nobody with him."

"O, no, he is quite alone. Shall I give any name?"

Mrs. Jazeph opened her lips to answer, hesitated, and said nothing. The shopman, with a quicker delicacy of perception than might have been expected from him, judging by outward appearances, did not repeat the question, but opened the door at once, and admitted the visitor to the presence of Mr. Buschmann.

The shop parlor was a very small room, with an odd three-cornered look about it, with a bright green paper on the walls, with a large dried fish in a glass case over the fireplace, with two meerschau pipes hanging together on the wall opposite, and with a neat round table placed as accurately as possible in the middle of the floor. On the table were tea-things, bread, butter, and a pot of jam, and a musical box in a quaint, old-fashioned case; and by the side of the table sat a little, rosy-faced, white-haired, simple-looking old man, who started up, when the door was opened, with an appearance of extreme confusion, and touched the stop of the musical box so that it might cease playing when it came to the end of the air.

"A lady to speak with you, sir," said the cheerful shopman. "That is Mr. Buschmann, ma'am," he added in a lower tone, seeing Mrs. Jazeph stop in apparent uncertainty on entering the parlor.

"Will you please to take a seat, ma'am?" said Mr. Buschmann, when the shopman had closed the door and gone back to his counter. "Excuse the music; it will stop directly." He spoke these words in a foreign accent, but with perfect fluency.

Mrs. Jazeph looked at him earnestly while he was addressing her, and advanced a step or two before she said any thing. "Am I so changed?" she asked softly. "So sadly, sadly changed, uncle Joseph?"

"Gott im Himmel! it's her voice—its Sarah Leeson!" cried the old man, running

up to his visitor as nimbly as if he was a boy again, taking both her hands, and kissing her with an odd brisk tenderness on the cheek. Although his niece was not at all above the average height of women, uncle Joseph was so short that he had to raise himself on tiptoe to perform the ceremony of embracing her.

"To think of Sarah coming at last!" he said, pressing her into a chair. "After all these years and years, to think of Sarah Leeson coming to see Uncle Joseph again!"

"Sarah still, but not Sarah Leeson," said Mrs. Jazeph, pressing her thin, trembling hands firmly together, and looking down on the floor while she spoke.

"Ah! married!" said Mr. Buschmann, gaily. "Married, of course. Tell me all about your husband, Sarah."

"He is dead. Dead, and forgiven." She murmured the last three words in a whisper to herself.

"Ah! I am so sorry for you! I spoke too suddenly, did I not, my child?" said the old man. "Never mind! No, no; I don't mean that—I mean let us talk of something else. You will have a bit of bread and jam, won't you, Sarah!—ravishing raspberry jam that melts in your mouth. Some tea, then? So, so, she will have some tea, to be sure. And we won't talk of our troubles—at least not just yet. You look very pale, Sarah, very much older than you ought to look—no, I don't mean that either; I don't mean to be rude. It was your voice I knew you by, my child—your voice that your poor uncle Max always said would have made your fortune if you would only have learnt to sing. Here's his pretty music-box going still. Don't look so down-hearted—don't, pray! Do listen a little to the music: you remember the box: my brother Max's box! Why, how you look! Have you forgotten the box that the divine Mozart gave to my brother with his own hand, when Max was a boy in the music-school at Vienna? Listen! I have set it going again. It's a song they call Batti, Batti; it's a song in an opera of Mozart's. Ah, beautiful! beautiful! your uncle Max said that all music was comprehended in that one song. I know nothing about music, but I have my heart and my ears, and they tell me that Max was right."

Speaking these words with abundant gesticulation and amazing volubility, Mr. Busch-

mann poured out a cup of tea for his niece, stirred it carefully, and, patting her on the shoulder, begged that she would make him happy by drinking it all up directly. As he came close to her to press this request, he discovered that the tears were in her eyes, and that she was trying to take her handkerchief from her pocket without being observed.

"Don't mind me," she said, seeing the old man's face sadden as he looked at her; "and don't think me forgetful or ungrateful, uncle Joseph. I remember that box—I remember every thing that you used to take an interest in, when I was younger and happier than I am now. When I last saw you I came to you in trouble; and I come to you in trouble once more. It seems neglectful in me never to have written to you for so many years past; but my life has been a very sad one, and I thought I had no right to lay the burden of my sorrow on other shoulders than my own."

Uncle Joseph shook his head at these last words, and touched the stop of the musical box. "Mozart shall wait a little," he said, gravely, "till I have told you something. Sarah, hear what I say, and drink your tea, and own to me whether I speak the truth or not. What did I, Joseph Buschmann, tell you, when you first came to me in trouble, fourteen, fifteen, ah more! sixteen years ago, in this town, and in this same house? I said then, what I say again, now: Sarah's sorrow is my sorrow, and Sarah's joy is my joy; and if any man asks me reasons for that, I have three to give him."

He stopped to stir up his niece's tea for the second time, and to draw her attention to it, by tapping with the spoon on the edge of the cup.

"Three, reasons," he resumed. "First, you are my sister's child—some of her flesh and blood, and some of mine, therefore, also. Second, my sister, my brother, and, lastly, me myself, we owe to your good English father—all. A little word that means much, and may be said again and again—all. Your father's friends cry, Fie! Agatha Buschmann is poor, Agatha Buschmann is foreign! But your father loves the poor German girl, and he marries her in spite of their Fie, Fie. Your father's friends cry Fie! again; Agatha Buschmann has a musician brother, who gabbles to us about Mozart, and who cannot

make to his porridge, salt. Your father says, Good! I like his gabble; I like his playing; I shall get him people to teach; and while I have pinches of salt in my kitchen, he to his porridge shall have pinches of salt, too. Your father's friends cry, Fie! for the third time. Agatha Buschmann has another brother, a little Stupid-Head, who to the other's gabble can only listen and say Amen. Send him trotting; for the love of Heaven, shut up all the doors and send Stupid-Head trotting, at least! Your father says, No! Stupid-Head has his wits in his hands; he can cut, and carve, and polish; help him a little at the starting; and, after, he shall help himself. They are all gone now but me! Your father, your mother, and uncle Max—they are all gone! Stupid-Head alone remains to remember and to be grateful—to take Sarah's sorrow for his sorrow, and Sarah's joy for his joy."

He stopped again to blow a speck of dust off the musical box. His niece endeavored to speak, but he held up his hand, and shook his forefinger at her warningly.

"No," he said. "It is yet my business to talk, and your business to drink tea. Have I not my third reason still? Ah! you look away from me; you know my third reason, before I say a word. When I, in my turn, marry, and my wife dies, and leaves me alone with little Joseph, and when the boy falls sick, who comes then, so quiet, so pretty, so neat, with the bright young eyes, and the hands so tender and light? Who helps me with little Joseph by night and by day! Who makes a pillow for him on her arm when his head is weary? Who holds this box patiently at his ear!—yes! this box that the hand of Mozart has touched—Who holds it closer, closer always, when little Joseph's sense grows dull, and he moans for the friendly music that he has known from a baby, the friendly music that he can now so hardly, hardly hear? Who kneels down by Uncle Joseph when his heart is breaking, and says, 'O, hush! hush! The boy has gone where the better music plays, where the sickness shall never waste or the sorrow touch him more!' Who? Ah, Sarah! you cannot forget those days; you cannot forget the Long Ago! When the trouble is bitter, and the burden is heavy, it is cruelty to Uncle Joseph to keep away; it is kindness to him to come here."

The recollections that the old man had called up, found their way tenderly to Sarah's heart. She could not answer him; she could only hold out her hand. Uncle Joseph bent down, with a quaint, affectionate gallantry, and kissed it; then stepped back again to his place by the musical box. "Come!" he said, patting it cheerfully, "we will say no more for a while. Mozart's box, Max's box, little Joseph's box, you shall talk to us again!"

Having put the tiny machinery in motion, he sat down by the table and remained silent until the air had been played over twice. Then, observing that his niece seemed calmer, he spoke to her once more.

"You are in trouble, Sarah," he said, quietly. "You tell me that, and I see it is true in your face. Are you grieving for your husband?"

"I grieve that I ever met him," she answered. "I grieve that I ever married him. Now that he is dead, I cannot grieve—I can only forgive him."

"Forgive him? How you look, Sarah, when you say that! Tell me——"

"Uncle Joseph! I have told you that my husband is dead, and that I have forgiven him."

"You have forgiven him? He was hard and cruel with you, then? I see; I see. That is the end, Sarah—but the beginning? Is the beginning that you loved him?"

Her pale cheeks flushed; and she turned her head aside. "It is hard and humbling to confess it," she murmured, without raising her eyes; "but you force the truth from me, uncle. I had no love to give to my husband—no love to give to any man."

"And yet, you married him! Wait! it is not for me to blame. It is for me to find out not the bad, but the good. Yes, yes; I shall say to myself, she married him when she was poor and helpless; she married him when she should have come to Uncle Joseph, instead. I shall say that to myself, and I shall pity, but I shall ask no more."

Sarah half reached her hand out to the old man again—then suddenly pushed her chair back, and changed the position in which she was sitting. "It is true that I was poor," she said, looking about her in confusion, and speaking with difficulty. "But you are so good and so kind, I cannot accept the excuse that your forbearance

makes for me. I did not marry him because I was poor, but——" She stopped, clasped her hands together, and pushed her chair back still farther from the table.

"So! so!" said the old man, noticing her confusion. "We will talk about it no more."

"I had no excuse of love; I had no excuse of poverty," she said, with a sudden burst of bitterness and despair. "Uncle Joseph, I married him because I was too weak to persist in saying No! The curse of weakness and fear has followed me all the days of my life! I said No to him once; I said No to him twice. O, uncle, if I could only have said it for the third time! But he followed me, he frightened me, he took away from me all the little will of my own that I had. He made me speak as he wished me to speak and go where he wished me to go. No, no, no—don't come to me, uncle; don't say any thing. He is gone; he is dead—I have got my release; I have given my pardon! O, if I could only go away and hide somewhere! All people's eyes seem to look through me; all people's words seem to threaten me. My heart has been weary ever since I was a young woman; and, all these long long years, it has never got any rest. Hush! the man in the shop—I forgot the man in the shop. He will hear us; let us talk in a whisper. What made me break out so? I'm always wrong. O me! I'm wrong when I speak; I'm wrong when I say nothing; wherever I go and whatever I do, I am not like other people. I seem never to have grown up in my mind, since I was a little child. Hark! the man in the shop is moving—has he heard me? O, Uncle Joseph! do you think he has heard me?"

Looking hardly less startled than his niece, Uncle Joseph assured her that the door was solid, that the man's place in the shop was at some distance from it, and that it was impossible, even if he heard voices in the parlor, that he could also distinguish any words that were spoken in it.

"You are sure of that?" she whispered, hurriedly. "Yes, yes, you are sure of that, or you would not have told me so, would you? We may go on talking now. Not about my married life: that is buried and past. Say that I had some years of sorrow and suffering, which I deserved,—say that I had other years of quiet, when I was living

in service, with masters and mistresses who were often kind to me when my fellow-servants were not,—say just that much about my life, and it is saying enough. The trouble that I am in now, the trouble that brings me to you, goes back further than the years we have been talking about—goes back, back, back, Uncle Joseph, to the distant day when we last met.”

“Goes back all through the sixteen years!” exclaimed the old man, incredulously. “Goes back, Sarah, even to the Long Ago!”

“Even to that time. Uncle, you remember where I was living, and what had happened to me, when——”

“When you came here in secret? When you asked me to hide you? That was the same week, Sarah, when your mistress died; your mistress who lived away, west, in the old house. You were frightened, then—pale and frightened as I see you now.”

“As every one sees me! People are always staring at me; always thinking that I am nervous, always pitying me for being ill.”

Saying these words with a sudden fretfulness, she lifted the tea-cup by her side to her lips, drained it of its contents at a draught, and pushed it across the table to be filled again. “I have come, all over thirsty and hot,” she whispered. “More tea, Uncle Joseph—more tea.”

“It is cold,” said the old man. “Wait till I ask for hot water.”

“No!” she exclaimed, stopping him as he was about to rise. “Give it me cold; I like it cold. Let nobody else come in—I can’t speak if anybody else comes in.” She drew her chair close to her uncle’s, and went on:—“You have not forgotten how frightened I was, in that bygone time—do you remember why I was frightened?”

“You were afraid of being followed—that was it, Sarah. I grow old, but my memory keeps young. You were afraid of your master, afraid of his sending servants after you. You had run away; you had spoken no word to anybody; and you spoke little—ah, very, very little—even to Uncle Joseph, even to me.”

“I told you,” said Sarah, dropping her voice to so faint a whisper that the old man could barely hear her,—“I told you that my mistress had left me a secret on her death-

bed—a secret in a letter, which I was to give to my master. I told you I had hidden the letter, because I could not bring myself to deliver it, because I would rather die a thousand times over than be questioned about what I knew of it. I told you so much, I know. Did I tell you no more? Did I not say that my mistress made me take an oath on the Bible?—Uncle! are there candles in the room? Are there candles we can light without disturbing anybody, without calling anybody in here?”

“There are candles and a match-box in my cupboard,” answered Uncle Joseph. “But look out of the window, Sarah. It is only twilight—it is not dark yet.”

“Not outside; but it is dark here.”

“Where?”

“In that corner. Let us have the candles. I don’t like the darkness when it gathers in corners, and creeps along walls.”

Uncle Joseph looked all around the room, inquiringly; and smiled to himself as he took two candles from the cupboard and lighted them. “You are like the children,” he said, playfully, while he pulled down the window-blind. “You are afraid of the dark.”

Sarah did not appear to hear him. Her eyes were fixed on the corner of the room which she had pointed out the moment before. When he resumed his place by her side, she never looked round, but laid her hand on his arm, and said to him suddenly:

“Uncle! Do you believe that the dead can come back to this world, and follow the living everywhere, and see what they do in it?”

The old man started. “Sarah!” he said, “why do you talk so? Why do you ask me such a question?”

“Are there lonely hours,” she went on, still never looking away from the corner, still not seeming to hear him, “when you are sometimes frightened without knowing why,—frightened all over in an instant, from head to foot? Tell me, uncle, have you ever felt the cold steal round and round the roots of your hair, and crawl bit by bit down your back? I have felt that, even in the summer. I have been out of doors, alone, on a wide heath, in the heat and brightness of noon, and have felt as if chilly fingers were touching me—chilly, damp, softly-creeping fingers. It says in the New Testa-

ment that the dead came once out of their graves, and went into the holy city. The dead! Have they rested, rested always, rested forever, since that time?"

Uncle Joseph's simple nature recoiled in bewilderment from the dark and daring speculations to which his niece's questions led. Without saying a word, he tried to draw away the arm which she still held; but the only result of the effort was to make her tighten her grasp, and bend forward in her chair so as to look closer still into the corner of the room.

"My mistress was dying," she said, "my mistress was very near her grave, when she made me take my oath on the Bible. She made me swear never to destroy the letter; and I did not destroy it. She made me swear not to take it away with me, if I left the house; and I did not take it away. She would have made me swear for the third time, to give it to my master, but death was too quick for her—death stopped her from fastening that third oath on my conscience. But she threatened me, uncle, with the dead dampness on her forehead, and the dead whiteness on her cheeks—she threatened to come to me from the other world, if I thwarted her—and I have thwarted her!"

She stopped, suddenly removed her hand from the old man's arm, and made a strange gesture with it towards the part of the room on which her eyes remained fixed. "Rest, rest, rest," she whispered under her breath. "Is my master alive now? Rest, till the drowned rise. Tell him the Secret when the sea gives up her dead."

"Sarah! Sarah! you are changed, you are ill, you frighten me!" cried Uncle Joseph, starting to his feet.

She turned round slowly, and looked at him with eyes void of all expression, with eyes that seemed to be staring through him vacantly at something beyond.

"Gott im Himmel? what does she see?" He looked round as the exclamation escaped him. "Sarah! what is it? Are you faint? Are you ill? Are you dreaming with your eyes open?"

He took her by both arms and shook her. At the instant when she felt the touch of his hands, she started violently and trembled all over. Their natural expression flew back into her eyes with the rapidity of a flash of light. Without saying a word, she hastily

resumed her seat and began stirring the cold tea round and round in her cup, round and round so fast that the liquid overflowed into the saucer.

"Come! she gets more like herself," said Uncle Joseph, watching her.

"More like myself?" she repeated, vacantly.

"So! so!" said the old man, trying to soothe her. "You are ill—what the English call, out of sort. They are good doctors here. Wait till to-morrow, you shall have the best."

"I want no doctors. Don't speak of doctors. I can't bear them; they look at me with such curious eyes; they are always prying into me, as if they wanted to find out something. What have we been stopping for? I had so much to say; and we seem to have been stopping just when we ought to have been going on. I am in grief and terror, Uncle Joseph; in grief and terror again about the Secret——"

"No more of that!" pleaded the old man. "No more to-night, at least!"

"Why not?"

"Because you will be ill again with talking about it. You will be looking into that corner, and dreaming with your eyes open. You are too ill—yes, yes, Sarah; you are too ill."

"I'm not ill! O, why does everybody keep telling me that I am ill? Let me talk about it, uncle. I have come to talk about it; I can't rest till I have told you."

She spoke with a changing color and an embarrassed manner, now apparently conscious for the first time that she had allowed words and actions to escape her which it would have been more prudent to have restrained.

"Don't notice me again," she said, with her soft voice and her gentle, pleading manner. "Don't notice me if I talk or look as I ought not. I lose myself, sometimes, without knowing it; and I suppose I lost myself just now. It means nothing, Uncle Joseph,—nothing indeed."

Endeavoring thus to reassure the old man, she again altered the position of her chair, so as to place her back towards the parts of the room to which her face had been hitherto turned.

"Well, well, it is good to hear that," said Uncle Joseph; "but speak no more

about the past time, for fear you should lose yourself again. Let us hear about what is now. Yes, yes, give me my way. Leave the Long Ago to me, and take you the present time. I can go back through the sixteen years as well as you. Ah! you doubt it? Hear me tell you what happened when we last met—hear me prove myself in three words. You leave your place at the old house—you run away here—you stop in hiding with me, while your master and his servants are hunting after you—you start off, when your road is clear, to work for your living, as far away from Cornwall as you can get—I beg and pray you to stop with me, but you are afraid of your master, and away you go. There! that is the whole story of your trouble the last time you came to this house. Leave it so; and tell me what is the cause of your trouble now."

"The past cause of my trouble, Uncle Joseph, and the present cause of my trouble are the same. The Secret——"

"What! you will go back to that."

"I must go back to it."

"And why?"

"Because the Secret is written in a letter——"

"Yes; and what of that?"

"And the letter is in danger of being discovered. It is, uncle—it is! Sixteen years it has lain hidden—and now, after all that long time, the dreadful chance of its being dragged to light has come like a judgment. The one person in all the world who ought never to set eyes on that letter is the very person who is most likely to find it!"

"So! so! Are you very certain, Sarah? How do you know it?"

"I know it from her own lips. Chance brought us together——"

"Us? us? What do you mean by us?"

"I mean—uncle, you remember that Captain Treverton was my master when I lived at Porthgenna Tower?"

"I had forgotten his name. But, no matter—go on."

"When I left my place Miss Treverton was a little girl of five years old. She is a married woman now—so beautiful, so clever, such a sweet, youthful, happy face! And she has a child as lovely as herself. O uncle, if you could see her! I would give so much if you could only see her!"

Uncle Joseph kissed his hand and shrugged

his shoulders; expressing, by the first action, homage to the lady's beauty, and, by the second, resignation under the misfortune of not being able to see her. "Well, well," he said, philosophically, "put this shining woman by, and let us go on."

"Her name is Frankland now," said Sarah. "A prettier name than Treverton, a much prettier name, I think. Her husband is fond of her—I am sure he is. How can he have any heart at all, and not be fond of her?"

"So! so!" exclaimed Uncle Joseph, looking very much perplexed. "Good, if he is fond of her—very good. But what labyrinth are we getting into now? Wherefore all this about a husband and a wife? My word of honor, Sarah, but your explanation explains nothing—it only softens my brains!"

"I must speak of her and of Mr. Frankland, uncle. Porthgenna Tower belongs to her husband now; and they are both going to live there."

"Ah! we are getting back into the straight road at last."

"They are going to live in the very house that holds the Secret; they are going to repair that very part of it where the letter is hidden. She will go into the old rooms—I heard her say so; she will search about in them to amuse her curiosity; workmen will clear them out, and she will stand by, in her idle hours, looking on."

"But she suspects nothing of the Secret?"

"God forbid she ever should!"

"And there are many rooms in the house? And the letter in which the Secret is written is hidden in one of the many? Why should she hit on that one?"

"Because I always say the wrong thing! because I always get frightened and lose myself at the wrong time! The letter is hidden in a room called the Myrtle Room, and I was foolish enough, weak enough, crazed enough, to warn her against going into it."

"Ah, Sarah! Sarah! that was a mistake indeed."

"I can't tell what possessed me—I seemed to lose my senses when I heard her talking so innocently of amusing herself by searching through the old rooms, and when I thought of what she might find there. It

was getting on towards night, too; the horrible darkness was gathering in the corners and creeping along the walls; and I didn't dare light the candles for fear she should see how anxious and frightened I was in my face. And when I did light them it was worse. O, I don't know how I did it! I don't know why I did it! I could have torn my tongue out for saying the words, and yet I said them. Other people can think for the best; other people can act for the best; other people have had a heavy weight laid on their minds, and have not dropped under it, as I have. Help me, uncle, for the sake of old times when we were happy—help me with a word of advice!"

"I will help you; I live to help you, Sarah! No, no, no—you must not look so forlorn; you must not look at me with those crying eyes. Come! I will advise this minute—but say in what; only say in what."

"Have I not told you?"

"No; you have not told me a word yet."

"I will tell you now——"

She paused, looked away distrustfully towards the door leading into the shop, listened a little, and resumed: "I am not at the end of my journey yet, Uncle Joseph—I am here on my way to Porthgenna Tower—on my way to the Myrtle Room—on my way, step by step, to the place where the letter lies hid. I dare not destroy it; I dare not remove it; but, run what risk I may, I must take it out of the Myrtle Room."

Uncle Joseph said nothing, but he shook his head despondingly.

"I must," she repeated; "before Mrs. Frankland gets to Porthgenna, I must take that letter out of the Myrtle Room. There are places in the old house where I may hide it again—places that she would never think of—places that she would never notice. Only let me get it out of the one room that she is sure to search in, and I know where to hide it from her and from every one forever."

Uncle Joseph reflected, and shook his head again—then said: "One word, Sarah; does Mrs. Frankland know which is the Myrtle Room?"

"I did my best to destroy all trace of that name when I hid the letter; I hope and

believe she does not. But she may find out—remember the words I was crazed enough to speak; they will set her seeking for the Myrtle Room; they are sure to do that."

"And if she finds it? And if she sees the letter?"

"It will cause misery to innocent people; it will bring death to *me*. Don't push your chair from me, uncle! It is not shameful death I speak of. The worst injury I have done is injury to myself; the worst death I have to fear is the death that releases a worn-out spirit and cures a broken heart."

"Enough—enough so," said the old man. "I ask for no secret, Sarah, that is not yours to give. It is all dark to me—very dark, very confused. I look away from it; I look only towards you. Not with doubt, my child, but with pity, and with sorrow, too—sorrow that ever you went near that house of Porthgenna—sorrow that you are now going to do it again."

"I have no choice, uncle, but to go. If every step on the lead to Porthgenna took me nearer and nearer to my death, I must still tread it. Knowing what I know, I can't rest, I can't sleep—my very breath won't come freely—till I have got that letter out of the Myrtle Room. How to do it—O, Uncle Joseph, how to do it without being suspected, without being discovered by anybody—that is what I would almost give my life to know! You are a man; you are older and wiser than I am; no living creature ever asked you for help in vain—help *me*, now! my only friend in all the world, help me a little with a word of advice!"

Uncle Joseph rose from his chair, and folded his arms resolutely, and looked his niece full in the face.

"You will go?" he said. "Cost what it may, you will go? Say, for the last time, Sarah—is it yes, or no?"

"Yes! For the last time, I say, Yes."

"Good. And you will go soon?"

"I must go to-morrow. I dare not waste a single day; hours even may be precious, for any thing I can tell."

"You promise me, my child, that the hiding of this secret does good, and that the finding of it will do harm?"

"If it was the last word I had to speak in this world, I would say, Yes!"

"You promise me also that you want nothing but to take the letter out of the Myrtle Room, and put it away somewhere else?"

"Nothing but that."

"And it's yours to take and yours to put? No person has a better right to touch it than you?"

"Now that my master is dead, no person."

"Good. You have given me my resolution. I have done. Sit you there, Sarah; and wonder, if you like, but say nothing." With these words, Uncle Joseph stepped lightly to the door leading into the shop, opened it, and called to the man behind the counter.

"Samuel, my friend," he said. "To-morrow I go a little ways into the country with my niece, who is this lady, here. You keep shop and take orders, and be just as careful as you always are, till I get back. If anybody comes and asks for Mr. Buschmann, say he is gone a little ways into the country, and will be back in a few days. That is all. Shut up the shop, Samuel, my friend, for the night; and go to your supper. I wish you good appetite, nice victuals, and sound sleep."

Before Samuel could thank his master the door was shut again. Before Sarah could

say a word, Uncle Joseph's hand was on her lips, and Uncle Joseph's handkerchief was wiping away the tears that were now falling fast from her eyes.

"I will have no more talking, and no more crying," said the old man. "I am a German, and I glory in the obstinacy of six Englishmen, all rolled into one. To-night you sleep here, to-morrow we talk again of all this. You want me to help you with a word of advice. I will help you with myself, which is better than advice, and I say no more till I fetch my pipe down from the wall there, and ask him to make me think. I smoke and think to-night—I talk and do to-morrow. And you, you go up to bed; you take Uncle Max's music-box in your hand, and you let Mozart sing the cradle-song before you go to sleep. Yes, yes, my child, there is always comfort in Mozart—better comfort than in crying. Why cry so much? What is there to cry about, or to thank about? Is it so great a wonder that I will not let my sister's child go alone to make a venture in the dark? I said Sarah's sorrow was my sorrow, and Sarah's joy my joy; and now, if there is no way of escape—if it must indeed be done—I also say: Sarah's risk to-morrow is Uncle Joseph's risk to-morrow, too!"

A NEW PHOTOGRAPHIC CAMERA AND BOX.—Mr. A. J. Austen, in a communication to the Journal of the Photographic Society, makes the following suggestion:

Having now disposed of the cumbersome dark room, I have still to carry about with me a camera and a box, which, so far, has been a great relief, and will do very well for country views and in-door portraits; but there are many views and buildings in London and elsewhere I should like to take, but dare not, for fear of a juvenile audience. If there could be some means adopted to carry about, concealed from vulgar gaze, the necessities for obtaining a picture, that would still be an advance on the advantage gained in the dismissal of the dark room. Such a step I am now attempting, by furnishing the upper story of that often-abused article of an Englishman's head-dress, **THE HAT**. Why not? there is room enough in it; and, if it can be done, it at once disposes of the heavy camera and its appendages, increasing the weight of the hat but three or four ounces—all external appearances being the same, excepting

a 3-4th in. hole, which can be opened and shut at pleasure by a sham cord wind-guard. At any rate, however odd, it is worth a trial, as its success would suggest its adaptation to an infinity of purposes which cannot be effected by the conspicuous means at present adopted.

THE NAPIERIAN MACHINE.—This machine, which has been recently introduced in Glasgow for the manufacture of coffee for domestic use, consists in obtaining a vacuum in a large glass globe by boiling a small quantity of water. By the production of steam the air is expelled, and when the source of heat is withdrawn, this steam is in its turn got rid of by the condensation produced from the action of the external air in the vessel.

This being done, the infused coffee is forced through the drainer by the pressure of the atmosphere.

In principle, it is identical with the very elegant apparatus invented and patented some years since by Mr. Platow.

MORTALITY.

"And we shall be changed."

Yn dainty mosses, lichens gray,
Laid cheek on cheek in tender fold,
Each with a soft smile day by day
Returning to the mould;
Brown leaves, that with aerial grace
Slip from the branch like birds a-wing,
Each leaving in the appointed place
Its bud of future spring;

If we, God's sentient creatures, knew
But half your faith in our decay,
We should not tremble as we do
When He calls clay to clay;

But with an equal patience sweet,
We should put off this mortal gear,
In whatso'er new form is meet,
Content to reappear;

Knowing each germ of life He gives
Must have in Him its source and rise;
Being that of His being lives
May change, but never dies.

Ye dead leaves, dropping soft and slow,
Ye mosses green, and lichens fair,
Go to your graves as I will go,
For God is also there.

—Chambers' Journal.

From The Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.
ELISHA KENT KANE.

O MOTHER Earth, thy task is done
With him who slumbers here below;
From thy cold Arctic brow he won
A glory purer than thy snow.

Thy warmer bosom gently nursed
The dying hero; for his eye
The tropic Spring's full splendors burst—
"In vain!" a thousand voices cry.

"In vain, in vain!" The poet's art
Forsook me when the people cried;
Naught but the grief that fills my heart,
And memories of my friend, abide.

We parted in the midnight street,
Beneath a cold autumnal rain;
He wrung my hand, he staid my feet
With "Friend, we shall not meet again."

I laughed; I would not then believe;
He smiled; he left me; all was o'er.
How much for my poor laugh I'd give!—
How much to see him smile once more!

I know my lay bemoans the dead,
That sorrow is an humble thing,
That I should sing his praise instead,
And strike it on a higher string.

Let stronger minstrels raise their lay,
And follow where his fame has flown;
To the whole world belongs his praise,
His friendship was to me alone.

So close against my heart he lay,
That I should make his glory dim,
And hear a bashful whisper say,
"I praise myself in praising him."

O gentle mother, following nigh
His long, long funeral march, resign
To me the right to lift this cry,
Parting a sorrow that is thine.

O father, mourning by his bier,
Forgive this song of little worth;
My eloquence is but a tear,
I cannot, would not rise from earth.

O stricken brothers, broken band—
The link that held the jewel lost—
I pray you give me leave to stand
Amid you, from the sorrowing host.

We'll give his honors to the world,
We'll hark for echoes from afar;
Where'er our country's flag's unfurled
His name shall shine in every star.

We feel no fear that time will keep
Our hero's memory. Let us move
A little from the world to weep,
And for our portion keep his love.

February 27, 1857. GEORGE H. BOKER.

From The New York Colonization Journal.
TO AFRICA.

WRY, sister, didst thou hide so long,
Deep in thy palm-trees' shade!—
Because thy brow was tinged with night,
Because thy hair curled crisp and tight,
Wert thou of us afraid?

Or, jealous for thy gems and gold,
Didst thou thyself deny?
And to thy torrid deserts turn,
And 'mid the sands that ever burn
Elude the searching eye?

With sinful hand we reft away
A savage for a slave—
We send him back, erect and free,
A Christian citizen, to thee,
Thy heathen tribes to save.

We send thee liberty and law,
True freedom's stainless creed;
We speed our white-winged vessels o'er
The sounding surge to greet thy shore,
And bear a nation's seed.

Wide o'er thy pagan soil we shed
The Gospel's holy dew;
We plant on green Liberia's height
A cross of fire, a beacon light,
To daunt the pirate crew.

We send thee strength to strike away
The jungle's thorny cave,
And where the oleander towers
And lifts its gorgeous crown of flowers,
Make richer harvests wave.

We bid the halls of science rise,
The schools thy children cheer,
The Sabbath-bell sweet warning give
Unto thy lost to turn and live,
And find a Saviour near.

We send thee kindling arts, to wake
The mind's impulsive flame,
The student's tone—the rural thrift—
O, dark-browed sister, take our gift!
In our One Father's name. L. H. S.
Hartford, Conn., Feb. 15, 1857.

From The Spectator.

BERMUDA, BY A FIELD-OFFICER.*

FOR the geographical space they occupy, or the historical events with which they have been connected, "the still vex'd Bermoothes" have had their full share of attention. If Shakspeare did not, as the "Field-Officer" maintains he did not, lay the scene of *The Tempest* there, he certainly had the group in his mind's eye; Waller and Andrew Marvell have celebrated the *Somer Isles* in verse; Bishop Berkeley expatiated upon their beauties in prose; and Moore has made their memorable by his poetry and his residence. Yet of the three hundred and sixty-five isles or islets of which the group consists, only some half-dozen are sufficiently large to be habitable: they form a chain of about twenty-four miles in length, and are connected together by bridges or ferries; their breadth varies from three hundred yards to a mile and a half. The climate is favorable to production, if there were but the soil. Wheat can be grown; the crops of barley and tobacco are good; sugar and coffee can be raised, and are, as curiosities; but the staple production for export is or was arrow-root. The population ranges at about 8000; the imports in 1855 were £162,000, and the exports £41,000,—a discrepancy explained by the fact that the Dockyard convict-establishment, &c., cost this country annually upwards of £200,000. The importance of the islands as a military and naval station is undoubted; less, probably, for their actual use than for the mischief they would be in the hands of America, which has always since the first outbreak of the Revolutionary war had her eye upon them. What return this country gains for the outlay, is not so clear, and we speak with reference to the defence of the islands. The position of the group is within a few degrees of the Tropics—in the same latitude as Madeira. The climate is of course hot in most summers, though bearable; but from December to June it is one of the finest in the world. Were it but as close to England as it is to America, the Field-Officer thinks it would be a favorite resort for invalids. Great changes, however, must first be made in the accommodation and mode of living, which are those

of the West Indies in a colder climate. Besides the want of hotels and other appliances to comfort, as well as the presence of convicts, there are very few houses with chimneys except in the kitchens. Yet fires must be desirable in the winter; on the first of June last year, the officers of the mess at Ireland Island had a fire lighted for dinner,—an exception, probably, but exceptional weather overtakes invalids. In the Bermudas there are no hurricanes proper, but they are yet "the still vex'd Bermoothes"; gales sweep over them, and from the narrow width of the land, and the absence of elevation, must blow with terrible violence—enough to blow you into the sea.

The Field-Officer who gives a pleasant though somewhat general account of this group, as "a Colony, a Fortress, and a Prison," passed eighteen months there on duty in 1855-'56; but he appears to have visited the islands before, and to have some knowledge of the West Indies. He gives a good description of the group, both land and water—for the mainland is so surrounded by islets and rocks that it is fenced off from the Atlantic; together with an account of the soil, climate, and natural productions. There are a rapid resumé of the history of the colony, some sketches of its present social state, a criticism on the condition of its defences, and an account of the convicts, with some observations on the systems past and to come; for it seems the dissatisfaction at home has caused new instructions to be issued with the last arrivals, giving less discretion and enforcing greater stringency. All these things are touched in the easy style of a man of the world, but somewhat superficially, and occasionally with the prejudices of a "practical" man.

The chief utility of the Bermudas would be in case of a war with America, when as a station it would command the entire range of the Atlantic seaboard from Boston to the mouths of the Mississippi, and furnish a rendezvous for refitting cruisers. To America its value would be greater. Not only would the place be a defence instead of a means of attack, but it would command the track of all the West India trade, and besides a naval station would become a perfect hornet's nest of privateers. That the importance of the place is not overlooked by our authorities, is shown by the fact, that during the late dif-

* *Bermuda, a Colony, a Fortress, and a Prison; or Eighteen Months in the Somer Islands.* (With Map and Illustrations.) By a Field-Officer. Published by Longman and Co.

ferences with America the Bermudas were on two distinct occasions the rendezvous of a fleet. This, however, could not be permanently done without losing the advantage of the ships as cruisers. The land fortifications are either of old date or neglected.

"St. George's is well fortified. It is defended by about ninety guns; but they are of a calibre unsuited to the times we live in.

"Castle Harbor should no longer be suffered to remain in its present state. From Bermuda inwards it cannot be entered by sailing-boats drawing more than five feet of water; but ships of large burden can enter it from the southeast, with a little care and a good pilot. And as there are no forts to guard the entrances, that side of the Bermudas may be considered quite defenceless. Some suggest the filling up of Castle Harbor; but that measure would be both difficult and expensive. It would be, moreover, cruel; for in tempestuous weather vessels sometimes take refuge there. The alternative is to fortify the entrance. A couple of batteries of eighty-four or even of sixty-eight pounders, on some of the little islands near the mouth of the harbor, would be sufficient to render impassable a channel already difficult of access.

"If there is any colony in which the concentration of executive power is especially

necessary, that colony is Bermuda. Perhaps from its being both a naval and military station, two chiefs are unavoidable. But surely that is enough. At present there are three nearly independent authorities: a Colonel who is civil Governor; a Colonel who commands the troops; and an Admiral, who is in fact Governor of Ireland Island including the Dockyard. Here we have in perfection that division of power and frittering away of responsibility, which is the death-blow not only to all 'enterprises of great pith and moment,' but to all good government.

"Then to revert to the defences of the islands. We have 200 guns of insufficient calibre, defending a place which almost any military nation would deem worthy of 1000 pieces of artillery. Even 200 more would go far to render it impregnable whilst provisions lasted; or two or three more martello towers would do much. It is a mistake, however, to suppose, as some do, that a few gun-boats would supply every deficiency. They could not prevent a surprise; for it would be by no means easy, even in moderate weather, to carry these boats rapidly round to the weak points which might be threatened; and even when there, they might be overmatched by war-steamers, which, in some places, could come within musket-shot of the shore."

TREATMENT OF CATARRH.—Dr. Hyde Salter, in a recent clinical Lecture on the "Pathology of Catarrh," at the Charing-cross Hospital, says: "Let me now, in conclusion, say a few words to you on the treatment of catarrh.

"There are three thoughts which the treatment of catarrh suggest to my mind. One is, that rational treatment is often empirically stumbled upon; another, that a specific for the catarrhal poison is not yet discovered; and a third, that there is nothing new under the sun. The first is suggested by the consideration that the old and popular treatment of cold is such as the explanation of the pathology of catarrh above enunciated, if correct, would imply. The second, by the multiplicity of treatments, which have been from time to time recommended; one might almost parody the old proverb, and say—*quot medici, tot rationes catarrham medendi*; a multiplicity of remedies always implies to my mind a question of the decided efficacy of any: once upon a time there were twenty remedies for ague; a specific was at length discovered, and now there is but one. The third thought is suggested by the consideration that our most advanced pathology drives us to the same treatment as our great-grandfathers practised. A hot pediluvium, a warm bed, a posset, and a Dover's powder. Such is the treatment we have inherited, and such, in essence and principle, is

the treatment of which the foregoing observations will have already suggested to your minds the reasonableness.

"Sometimes, without any appreciable diaphoresis being produced, I have known stimulant treatment stop a cold at once. I have certainly known a good dinner, with plenty of wine, do this.

"What I should consider the best treatment, then, if called to treat a cold early, would be to administer a hot-air bath at once, to follow it up by plenty of warm diluents, and such a draught as I have mentioned, every four hours, uniting with the first dose a little opium, and I do not think that we can give any thing better than Dover's powder. I would just add, that I do think that diuresis is advantageous as an adjuvant, and that in this way the poor are not wrong in ascribing the efficacy they do to nitre.

"If, then, any of the foregoing opinions are true, how absurd is that treatment, suggested by a high authority, which would attempt to cure a cold by a total abstinence from all liquids, and by starving out the defluxion by cutting off the supplies. The natural means of out-draught are thus stopped, and the morbid material shut up in the body. Not only is Nature not assisted, but even debarred from the exercise of her natural *vis medicatrix*."

OLD-FASHIONED METHODIST MUSIC.

WHAT was our Church music? It was quite distinctive of the denomination in the "good old times." It was a mighty power in our assemblies. None who saw those times will deny it; all who remember them will say, in this respect, Would God they could return again. Not only was our old singing characteristic of us as a religious community, but it grew essentially out of our system; our system of theology, of practical measures, and religious life. It was full of freedom, of simplicity, of feeling, and of energetic sentiment. It was as wings of seraphim, upon which our congregations were often borne, as it were, up to the heavens—preachers and hearers so elevated in the introductory that the whole subsequent service frequently showed its effect.

But, to be more particular, we had then, first, No choirs, or even choristers, not to speak of instruments; the exceptions, at least, were few. We mention it not as an advantage (for we shall have a favorable word for these directly), but we mention it as a fact; and a fact full of significance, in connection with the other fact, that our Church melody was then so full of power, and of popular attraction. An individual worshipper, authorized in some places for the purpose, in most cases not, started the tune, as in a prayer-meeting he would lead in prayer, and the assembly joined in "lustily," as Mr. Wesley exhorts; in this respect we did only as some of the best religious communities of Europe now do. Throughout Scotland a single "precentor" "raises" the tune to this day:

"And old Dundee's wild, warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name;
Or noble Elgin beats the heavenward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays.
Compared with them, Italian trills are tame,
The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise,
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise."

Second: We all sung together in those days. Singing was not a performance, a recreation or tasteful ceremony, to relieve the rest of the service,—it was worship; it was the beginning, as it were, of the prayer. We rose up to sing, and, repeating the last two lines of the hymn, in a rapturous or suppliant refrain, fell down upon our knees, all over the house (yes, upon our knees, for

that was another of our old characteristics); to continue the act of devotion in prayer, rising up at its conclusion with melody again upon our lips. This, we repeat, was devotion; and there was power in it; the people felt it; the multitudes flocked to our temples under its mighty charm, and many a hardened heart broke under its spell into prayer and tears. Critics even admired it, and resorted to our assemblies to enjoy it. We soberly believe that much of our early success was attributable to this single cause. Richard Storrs Willis, one of the best living critics in music, says, in his late work on "Church Music:" "The Methodists, more than any other denomination, have practically favored congregational song; although, thus far, it has existed only in its rude and uncultivated state. Yet no one can deny, that the true spirit of congregational singing has swayed the heart of this devout people, far removed as their music may have been from the standard to which, with such materials, and such a heart of melody, they might have attained."

Third: Our tunes were characteristics. They consisted of two classes. First, we used, in common with all Protestant Christendom, the grand old tunes which have grown up in the progress of Christianity, and grown out of its essential spirit, in the common mind of the Christian world. Old Hundred, Dundee, Wells, China, Mear, Coronation, and similar mighty strains, rolled oftener then along the walls of our Zion, throughout the land, than they do now; oftener by far. They seemed to be instinctive to the deep devotional feelings of our people. If our congregations had not the artistic appreciation and execution of music which belongs to the present day, they had, at least, a truer religious sentiment for it; and their choice of tunes of this class showed, in our humble judgment, a really higher musical taste than now prevails among us. Some of these grand old tunes were habitual in our worship almost every Sabbath; a fact which was no fault, as we shall show hereafter.

The other class of tunes were simple, "social" melodies, which prevailed in our "social services," and grew up, we hardly know how; but they grew out of the profound religious spirit of the times; and many of them expressed that spirit in its most vivid life and power. We do not, in-

deed, consider it presumptuous to say that Methodism, in this department of its music, produced the *first native melodies* of our country. They preceded and gave birth to some of those beautiful airs which have become national among us, and are pronounced, as yet, our only national music, the Negro Minstrelsy. And let not the reader smile at the allusion. Never did truer music gush from the deep, instinctive sentiments of the human heart, than those old tender or triumphant airs. We have seen ten thousand men swayed to and fro under their power, at camp-meetings, like the forest under the rising gale. We ridicule them now-a-days, and the poetry to which they were sung, as "ditties," "doggerel," &c.; the reproach is true, somewhat, but not so fully as is supposed; for there was a period when these melodies were used almost exclusively with Charles Wesley's noble strains. We can re-

member that time, for we claim to belong to the "old school" of Methodists, as well as to the new. Their use degenerated afterward, in the hands of original postasters, and this fact, more than any other, has brought them into undeserved contempt. The Primitive Methodists were more exempt from "doggerel" follies than we are. The two classes of tunes we have mentioned were mixed among them, in both public and social worship; confined almost entirely to Charles Wesley's unrivalled lyrics, they rung not only through our public assemblies and social meetings, but habitually through our habitations. Methodist singing at church, and at home, had a charm of its own, almost as much as Quaker apparel had a fashion of its own; and everybody liked it because it spake to what in us "makes all hearts akin." Such was our Church music. *What is it now?*—N. Y. Christian Advocate.

DETECTION OF ARSENIC.—Dr. Odling has ascertained that 1-500 grain of arsenious acid may be detected with certainty by means of Reinsch's test, and that the metallic deposit, crystalline sublimate, and yellow sulphide, may be obtained successively. He gives the preference to fine copper gauze for the precipitation of the arsenic, and conducts the sublimation in a hard glass tube, 2 inches long, 1-8 inch diameter, sealed at one end, and drawn out at the other end to about an inch, almost capillary. He finds that decisive results are obtained when the dilution amounts to 2,250,000 times the weight of arsenious acid. Protracted ebullition seems to be a necessary condition of the deposition of arsenic, particularly when the quantity is small or the degree of dilution great. It has been urged as an objection to Reinsch's test, that during the ebullition with hydrochloric acid, arsenic is volatilized as chloride; but Dr. Odling does not consider this fact as of any consequence in practice, as the loss is inappreciably small, and might be provided against by using a small retort for the operation.

It is generally believed that Reinsch's test is applicable only for the detection of arsenical compounds that are dissolved by dilute hydrochloric acid. In cases of poisoning, it is not unfrequent that the whole of the arsenic is converted, by the decomposition of the tissues, into tersulphide, which is generally represented as being insoluble in dilute hydrochloric acid, and consequently the arsenic would not be extracted from the organic substance and tissues by boiling with dilute hydrochloric acid; however, Dr. Odling has found that the precipitated tersul-

phide of arsenic is readily dissolved by very dilute hydrochloric acid, and even by boiling water, to a much greater extent than was observed by Dr. Christison.

He finds also that the deposits obtained from arsenic and antimony resemble each other very closely, but that this is not of any consequence in practice, owing to the ease with which the arsenical deposit is distinguished from that produced by arsenic.

The Books of Exodus and Leviticus according to the Version of the LXX. Translated into English by the Hon. and Very Rev. Henry E. J. Howard, D.D., Dean of Lichfield.

This translation of the second and third books of the Bible has been made in consequence of the favorable reception of the Genesis. Dean Howard's reason for choosing the Septuagint for a new version of the Bible appears to have been, its popular use among the Jews before the advent of Christ and at the time of his ministry, as well as the authority it had among the Apostles and primitive Fathers, and the light the Septuagint throws upon the true meaning of the Hebrew, especially in prophecies relating to the Messiah. The variations either by omissions or insertions are noted, and notes are also given on the passages in which it differs from the authorized translation. The authorized version is not printed with Dr. Howard's; a plan which renders the volume more compact and cheaper, and, as the book is one to be studied, its absence can without inconvenience be supplied.—*Spectator*.

TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF DR.
KANE.

A SEMI-METRICAL MONODY.

BY FRANCIS LIEBER.

WE bury a soldier
With lowered arms and muffled drums;
But, the grave once closed,
The fife joins the rattling drummer,
And marshal airs for soldierly steps
Resound again briskly and loudly;
For the gallant are gay!

A warrior is gone,
We mourn with his kin—
We grieve that the Ruler on high
Has bereft us so soon;
But we rejoice at his deeds,
And treasure his name.

Untold are the blessings
Showered on nations;
But when Heaven resolves
To signal His goodness,
He bids a people add a fresh name
To the list of the noble;
Apart from piled-up wealth,
Transmitted fame, and hollow distinction.
Let us rejoice!

The great Knights of the Hospital
Gathered three sacred pledges
In one weighty vow—
The vow of the Soldier,
The Priest, and the Nurse.
Homage and honor
To the Knightly nurses
Of Rhodes and of Malta,
The heroes on land and on sea!

Our Kane and his faithful companions,
Un-bound by a vow,
Wrestled, valiant like them,
Not with soldiers and swords,
But, Titan-like,
With unchecked Nature herself,
Where the lance of man cannot wound her.
They went on their Polar errand
For a weeping woman beyond the sea,
Who did not know
Whether she wept as a widow.

Kane was no priest,
But he trusted in God,
And prayed with his warring band;
He nursed them in sickness,
And healed their wounds;
They starved, and he hunted for them—
Starving himself;
He served them, and savored their food;
He planned, he led, and, seeing the danger
Darker than they did,
He clung to his purpose and still pressed on.
Fainting and weak,
In that long blind winter,
And brief blinding summer,
He hoped, and diffused hope,
Gentle and strong;
With manly forecast weighing trifles,
Daringly braving the contest around him,
Battling with bewildered ice
And maddening cold.

His fellows loved him,
And he patiently made
The lonely savage confiding.
Thus he commanded.

God blesses the struggling,
And sent at last the flockingawks
To the outermost outpost
Of our searching race.

Where nothing grows, there grew
An unfading wreath, with icy diamonds,
For Kane and his warriors.
He returned and brought us
His name and his records—
An epic of manly endurance.
He felt once more the rays of the sun
As he shines on the favored.
Providence, seeing
He had done his full work
Of struggle and glory,
Bade the struggler rest—
And he rests forever.
Rejoice and be thankful!

LINES WRITTEN IN A VOLUME OF
KRAUSE'S POSTHUMOUS SERMONS

As a child in a quiet place
Which earth's wild whirl hath hardly stirred,
Grows shy as some fair forest bird,
And feareth every stranger's face;
And wots not what a world there is
Of love beyond his little isle,
Half jealous of his father's smile,
Half jealous of his mother's kiss;
But when he leaves that strip of strand,
Life's larger continent to explore,
He findeth friends on the far shore,
And graspeth many a brother's hand;
So may I deem it fares with thee,—
So may I think that thou hast found,
O man of God! who standest, crowned
With glory, on the crystal sea!

Where all the harps are heavenly sweet,
Where all the palms are passing green;
Where on all faces falls the sheen
From the Temple by the Golden Street;
Are hands thou never thought'st would fold
The heavenly harp, the fadeless palm;
And faces most divinely calm,
Thou never thoughtest to behold.

Forgive if in thy textual art
I see thee what thou art not now,
With something of a narrow brow,
And something of a narrow heart;
If any buds that thou hast strewn
To me look dry for lack of showers,
And scentless as Platonic flowers,
Pale white beneath the pale white moon.*
For still I think in worlds above,
The narrow brow grows bright and broad
With the great purposes of God,
And the heart widens with his love.

* Platonic flores quosdam etiam lunæ dicunt
esse familiares, qui sane huic sideri canant hymnos.
—Jul. C. Scaliger, De Subtil. Ex. 170.

And the poor thoughts, on earth so pale,
Turn to the sun his warmth to win,
And drink the silent sunbeams in,
And hue and fragrance never fail.

Sure, at thy creed confessed erewhile
Now with large heart and loveliest eye
Thou sighest—if the blessed sigh;
Thou smilest—if the blessed smile.

Thou smilest at the glory given
To those innumerable kings,
And putt'st away thy childish things,
Taught by the manly love of heaven.

For whilst that thou wert here below,
From that thick-thorn'd belief of thine
Thy spirit pushed some flowers divine,
Like furze that flowers in frost and snow.

And as when finest fancies troop
Across the painter's haunted soul,
He draws the outline first in coal,
Before he lets his pencil droop,

With color like the sky above,—
So dark the sketch thy heart had drawn,
But now it wears the rose-red dawn,
Or floats in pale gold mists of love.

So let me think for evermore :

Yea, let me say beside the sea,
" God's love is chanting loud to me,
And singing grandly on the shore."

And say, when all the stars are high,
" It is our Father's ancient book;
How many myriad myriads look
On his love-letter of the sky !"

And say, where anguish never sleeps,
Staring upon the city wall,
Where, shaking in her gaudy shawl,
On the door-step the harlot weeps,—

" Father ! I know thee good as just;
O Dove Divine, I hear thy wings
Come rustling round these faded things,
And dropping dew upon their dust !

" I hear thee whispering unto sin;
I see thee in the flower-like thought
That groweth in such hearts unsought,
For which they neither toil nor spin.

" I see, too, where with lifted hands,
Amidst all shapes of human woe,
A heavenly shadow on life's snow,
The Christus Consolator stands."

So let me say; and let me feel

That my dear Father's holy eye
Looks love on all beneath the sky,
That he is willing all should kneel.

And let me hope that trembling souls
May enter heaven from this cold world,
Like poor birds by the snow-winds whirled
In where the great church organ rolls,—
Although they know not where they fly,
Although they open their dim eyes,
All panting with the great surprise,—
The grand and awful harmony !

—*Dublin University Magazine.*

TO THE PAST YEAR.

FRIEND, whose strange and quiet car,
Cleaving Time's great sea,
Touched upon our rocky shore,
Now farewell to thee !
One mild star at evening's gate
Lights thy tresses gray;
Go, with thy mysterious freight,
Hoist thy sail, away !

Thee, upon life's quicksands driven,
Winds detaining blew,
But thy carrier doves to heaven
Every moment flew.

We, unconscious of their flight,
Pass'd thee heedless by,
Heard not through the restless night
Thine unceasing cry.

Now thy mild, departing face,
Turned to that calm sea,
Meekly chides our want of grace
That we slighted thee.

Go : but ere thou quite depart
With the vanish'd years,
Take upon thy silent heart
Our repentant tears.

—*Literary Gazette.*

SEPHESTIA'S SONG TO HER CHILD.

WEEP not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.

Mother's wag, pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy;
When thy father first did see
Such a boy by him and me,
He was glad, I was woe,
Fortune changed made him so;
When he left his pretty boy
Last his sorrow, first his joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.

Streaming tears that never stint,
Like pearl-drops from a flint,
Fell by course from his eyes,
That one another's place supplies;
Then he grieved in every part,
Tears of love fell from his heart
When he left his pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.

The wanton smiled, father wept.
Mother cried, baby leapt;
More he crowed, more we cried,
Nature could not sorrow hide;
He must go, he must kiss
Child and mother, baby bless,
For he left his pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.

—*Robert Greene, died 1592.*